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Eclipse

"FROM what we now know, it is evident, even on the most superficial view, that civilisation is an intermittent phenomenon." We quote from a little known booklet called *The Revolutions of Civilisation*,* by Dr. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, in which, if all members of Parliament were required to pass an examination before they were allowed to take their seats, the resulting benefit to the nation would be quite beyond expression. Dr. Petrie points out that this intermittence was a fact well recognised in antiquity, as, for instance, by the Etruscans, who held that "each successive race had its period of a Great Year in which it sprouted, flourished, decayed, and died." He observes that we can extend our view of Egyptian history over a period of about ten thousand years and "can discern eight successive periods of civilisation, each separated by an age of barbarism or decline before and after it."

The necessary foundation of a new civilisation is (according to Dr. Petrie) invasion by a new people, and of the first four to six centuries of the ensuing epoch autocracy has always been the characteristic. "The next stage is an oligarchy, when leadership is still essential, but the unity of the country can be maintained by law instead of by autocracy. This stage varies in length; in Greece and Rome it was about four centuries, in mediæval Europe about five or six centuries. Then gradually the transformation to a democracy takes place. . . . During this time—of about four centuries—wealth—that is the

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accumulated capital of facilities—continues to increase. When democracy has attained full power the majority without capital necessarily eat up the capital of the minority, and the civilisation steadily decays, until the inferior population is swept away to make room for a fitter people. . . . Such is the regular connection of the forms of government, or the relations of classes, which is inherent in the conditions of the revolutions of civilisation."

We give this view of the lessons to be drawn from the study of the past because it is of no slight advantage to be able to treat current events, not as new phenomena, but as the repetition of previous movements of which history is fully cognisant. We should, however, like much to be informed whether either Dr. Petrie, or anyone else, could tell us of any instance in which any democracy ever raced through its inheritance from former generations at such a furious speed as that now being displayed in the case of Great Britain.

In the light of this generalisation from former days we can now examine, with some sense of proportion and of relativity, the three articles upon the present political position which we have been fortunate enough to secure for our readers from the respective pens of Mr. Marriott, Mr. McCurdy, and Mr. Lansbury. We must express our obligation to each for his courteous compliance with our suggestion. Mr. Marriott speaks not only with the authority of an established parliamentarian, but also with that of an accepted writer of books on questions of the day, and he contends that the success of our parliamentary system depends on the division of the legislature "into two organised parties, divided from each other on lines sufficiently clear and intelligible, yet not radically irreconcilable." Between these must be, he says, "agreement on fundamentals."

Plainly, if this view be sound, efficient parliamentary government is at the present juncture impossible. For not only are there three parties, instead of two, but between one of them and the other two, or at all events between Conservatives and the Labour Party, there is, not agreement, but fundamental difference. Thus, on the hypothesis that Mr. Marriott is right, either our present party system will break down altogether, or else one of the three parties

will go out of being. We confess that we think the second eventuality the more probable, and the organisation which we expect to vanish from the scene in the course of the next year or two is the Liberal Party. We agree with Mr. Marriott that " between the right wing of Liberalism—the Whigs of older days—and the general body of Conservatives the lines of division are so faint as to be barely discernible." Therefore, we believe that we shall soon see that wing forming with Conservatism a " National Party "—by far the best name, in our opinion, which could be assumed. On the other hand, we imagine that the Liberal left wing will certainly be fused finally with the Socialists before many months have passed. Every indication points in that direction, and, if we wanted a signpost, assuredly we have it in the remarkable contribution by Mr. McCurdy, late Chief Whip of the Liberal Party, which our readers will have the pleasure of perusing.

Mr. McCurdy is frank. He says that he sees, not in Socialism, but in Conservatism, " the most deadly peril to our very existence as a Great Power, and to our national interests—not revolution, but tranquillity and stagnation in our national life." The Conservatives, it appears, committed the unforgivable sin. They actually " went to the country on the tranquillity ticket—on an avowed and unashamed policy of do nothing and give the taxpayer peace." Evidently, however, the taxpayer and the nation generally did not share Mr. McCurdy's furious indignation at this iniquity, since the result of the General Election of November, 1922, which is that referred to, was to give the Conservative Party the independent majority only sacrificed in December last. Plainly, in the view of this Liberal ex-Chief Whip, the taxpayer is an accursed animal only existing to be bled. To offer him " tranquillity " or cessation from his woes is shameful. What is the brute for except to finance gigantic schemes of " reconstruction " . . . " better houses, better education, better wages, better industrial conditions," and thus to create out of his substance " a land fit for heroes to live in "? Other people may have concluded that land to be as the mirage of the desert which draws travellers to their death, but not so Mr. McCurdy. Could Liberals, he asks, " safely co-operate with men who on this matter "—namely, reconstruction—" hold very

different views, who wrecked reconstruction in the last Coalition Parliament, who stirred up *the maniacal anti-waste agitation* * for the purpose of blocking any and every kind of social reform? I think not."

We have here, at any rate, an absolutely definite and uncompromising answer from Mr. McCurdy, convincingly showing that the only fitting and natural place for himself and his friends is in the ranks of the Socialist Party. There he would find plenty of people, both inside and outside the House of Commons, who agree with him as to the "maniacal" nature of any effort to stop waste—and it is useful to learn, as we learn here, what was really thought of the economy campaign in the "hupper suckles" of official Liberalism. Mania must, in their eyes, have seized on a very large part of the nation!

Mr. McCurdy, though doubtless he may make some academic reservations, is really qualified to join the Socialists on two counts, (1) that he is, as they are, absolutely reckless as to the cost of carrying out any scheme of social amelioration which he may favour, and (2) that he believes whole-heartedly in the ability of a bureaucracy to conduct profitably great business enterprises. This is precisely where most Conservatives, being men not wholly deaf to the voice of experience, differ profoundly from him, and in that difference is to be found the cause of Conservative reluctance to strip, so to speak, the very skin off the taxpayer, in order to make him support gigantic schemes for "rebuilding slums from Land's End to John o' Groat's," "for the better equipment of British industry," "for the restoration of our trade," "for improving the education facilities of our people," etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. All these may be splendid objects (though as regards education "our people" do not seem to make much use of the facilities which they have already), but where is the money to come from with which to finance them? Enormous sums would be needed—the Socialists are already beginning to talk of a thousand million pounds as their first little requisite. Again, assuming the money to be found, where is the guarantee of its profitable expenditure by and through the agency of Government Departments? The enormous prodigality, the prodigious waste, practised by such Departments during the war have bound on our

* Italics ours.

necks the crushing burden of debt under which we groan to-day. What faintest probability is there that our civil servants would be able to handle efficiently immense undertakings and to exercise that ceaseless vigilance which in private businesses is often the means of converting what would otherwise have been a loss into a profit? As for housing, had we not an object-lesson in Dr. Addison's scheme, which apparently Mr. McCurdy would have carried out to the bitter end? No more complete instance of what happens to the taxpayer when Liberalism of Mr. McCurdy's type joins hands with Socialism could, in fact, be asked for than the result of that wondrous plan. The Socialists forced up prices, by forbidding bricklayers to lay more than about three hundred bricks a day (instead of a thousand or twelve hundred), and the Liberals extorted the money to pay those prices, outrageous though they were, out of the wretched taxpayer. True, indeed, that the Government which, under Mr. Lloyd George's leadership, committed this wicked folly was that of the Coalition; but, according to Mr. McCurdy's own showing in his present article, the Liberals were they who prompted it, while the Conservatives applied the brake.

In order that great commercial enterprises should be made to pay, it is nearly always requisite that private individuals should initiate them and carry them through. This is a fact resting upon an immense mass of evidence, but in which, clearly, Mr. McCurdy has no belief.*

In Mr. Lansbury's contribution we have, in the first place, the usual Socialist presentation of poverty opposed to opulence, and misery to luxury. That is the orthodox way in which Mr. Lansbury has doubtless been accustomed all his life to enter on the subject of the healing virtues of Socialism, and we do not blame him for not having been able in this instance to depart from habit. We will only ask him in return to look at the companion picture of the results of applied Socialism in Russia, of the awful starvation, the vast multitude of deaths, the increase to proportions almost unparalleled of the sum of human agony. We should say that the condition of the "submerged tenth" in this country—which Sir Henry

* The omission by Mr. McCurdy of any reference to Local Option, to which the whole Liberal Party is pledged by the manifesto of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George, is remarkable.

Campbell-Bannerman, through inadvertence, erroneously set forth as that of thirteen million persons—was as heaven to earth in comparison with the plight of the victims of Socialist theory in the Russian Empire. Yet even the plight of Russia might be less hideous than that of England after a few years of Socialist rule, since Russia is capable of producing all the food which she requires, while we have to spend ten million pounds a week on buying ours from overseas.

Mr. Lansbury demands to know why, as he alleges, "the conditions of the working class grow worse and worse, while material wealth is being accumulated in fewer and fewer hands." We can supply him with an answer at once. In the first place we think that his statement is wholly incorrect (though we are sure that he makes it with the greatest sincerity); and in the next place we are perfectly convinced that by far the greater part of the suffering of the working classes in this country is due simply to the growth of Socialism and, above all, to the horrible "ca' canny" policy of the trade unions.

With regard to the first point, we have but to look to the United States. There are eleven millions of motor cars, owned in millions of cases by working men. How does Mr. Lansbury get over that? It does not quite look as though money were constantly "getting into fewer and fewer hands," does it? And this tendency is always accelerating. Mr. Ford reckons that before many years have passed every adult in the States will own a car.

And why this difference between the United States and England? Because there that withering blight of the "ca' canny" policy, just mentioned, does not obtain. There the working man is paid according to the measure of his capacity and his energy. He profits from his toil.

We believe that the Socialist and the Liberal Parties would effect incomparably and immeasurably more to diminish unemployment and to restore prosperity to the English people if they were both to concentrate on the reversal of the policy of "ca' canny" and the substitution, wherever possible, of payment by piecework for payment by time than by the whole of their elaborate programmes of work to be carried out at the taxpayers' expense.

Current Comments

Rally!

It would be idle to deny that the Conservative Party has suffered a quite unnecessary eclipse as the result of the precipitate appeal to the country upon an issue which we, in common with many other Conservatives, foresaw to be doomed to failure. But this tactical mistake, however temporarily humiliating and disastrous, should be quickly retrieved. The more speedily, if all Conservatives recognise that loyalty to the cause and the closing of their ranks—rather than useless recrimination—are duties incumbent upon them in the most dangerous political crisis in our history.

We must present a united front and a definite constructive policy. We are confronted by the paradox that the Socialists, every item of whose policy is in essence destructive, loudly claim that they, and they alone, possess a constructive programme. The danger lies in the fact that a large section of the electorate may be dazzled by fantastic schemes of social "betterment" which they may not be intelligent enough to recognise as mere spoliation, involving the reckless and unprofitable squandering of our last reserves of capital.

The Empire and Unemployment

Two questions stand out as urgently requiring solution by the best brains at our command—unemployment and the consolidation of the Empire upon an indestructible base of reciprocal economic advantage and mutual defence. There is no reason to doubt that the next appeal to the country will result in an overwhelming victory for Conservatism in a straight fight with Socialism. This result is the more certain inasmuch as the Liberals will inevitably be eliminated from practical politics, and will at most survive as an impotent fragment of an historic party which has long outlasted its *raison d'être*.

The End of the Liberal Party

Sir Donald Maclean admitted the other day that five years ago Liberalism was dead. Its corpse could never have been resuscitated into even a semblance of life but for the Fiscal elixir so unexpectedly administered by the Conservatives. The dose will not be repeated until

at least long after the bones of the Liberal skeleton have rattled and bleached in oblivion.

The Liberal Party is an anachronism, and if the Conservatives have for the moment sacrificed their position, the Liberals have certainly committed suicide.

The Road to Ruin

THE most important effect of the overthrow of Mr. Baldwin's Government is to give the Socialists the opportunity of preparing the way for their own success in the next General Election. The interval before that event cannot be very long, but, long or short, everything which the Socialists do, or refrain from doing, during that period, will be done, or left undone, with the sole object of winning victory at the polls. They will strive to secure that their defeat in the House of Commons shall result from the rejection by their opponents of some glamorous measure of gigantic bribery, designed to carry the working classes off their feet by the prospect of living in ease for the rest of their lives on the spoils of "the rich." As Jove upon Danaë, so will the Socialist Party dissolve upon the country in a shower of gold. They will devote, in the meantime, all their energies to the spread of this delusion, by an intense propaganda in the constituencies. If, in accordance with custom, the Conservative Party should go comfortably to sleep until that moment of crisis actually arrives which carries with it the fate of England and of the Empire, then, too probably, the hopes of the revolutionaries would be fulfilled, and they would gain an independent majority giving them power to work their destructive will.

"What do they know of England who only England know?"

Imperial Preference

NEVER have these lines had more significance than at this present crisis. As a result of the most fruitful Imperial Conference yet held it seemed certain that solid foundations had been laid upon which a closer and permanent understanding would be established with the Dominions as to mutual aid and development. Now that we at home are necessarily preoccupied with our own political problems, too many are inclined to shorten their vision from the Imperial to the domestic horizon. Until we know more definitely the course of political events at home, it is useless to

speculate on the fate of the proposals agreed upon at the Conference. We believe that the Dominions will share the faith of all the sound elements in the Old Country in the coming rally of the saner forces and in an early recovery from the fit of madness which for the moment threatens to paralyse us. But they have their needs as well as we. They need markets, they need capital, they need defence. Ours has hitherto been, and should naturally remain, their best market. But even in this respect America has potentialities. America is suffering from a plethora of capital. As a result of the Washington naval agreement American sea protection might be fully as available as British.

Imperial Defence

THE mere threat to abandon the Singapore base would inevitably turn the eyes of Australia and New Zealand towards America. Zaghlul's success in Egypt, and the impending departure of most of the British officials, threaten in the near future a strong attempt to throw off the last vestiges of British control and thus to cut our Imperial spinal cord. Should such an event synchronise with the outbreak of serious trouble in India, as is more than probable, could the Empire, weakened in its extremities, sundered in its communications, and paralysed by internal dissensions at the heart, hold together? We think not. But it would be foolish to despair. The next appeal to the country will save not the State only, but the Empire, for the same elements that rally to the defence of the one are those which by instinct and tradition will equally defend the other. He is to-day but a poor sort of Englishman who cannot think Imperially.

The Turn of the Cards

HAD Mr. Baldwin chosen, in the historic debate of January 21st, to make the Cooper-Rawson Amendment, instead of that brought forward by Mr. Clynes, the first motion before the House, the existing political situation would have been wholly different. The amendment to which we refer deprecated the formation of any Ministry founded on Socialistic principles repudiated by a majority of the electors of the present House of Commons, before a further appeal had been made to the country on the issue of

Socialism. We have excellent reason to believe that many Liberals would have voted for it, and, had it been carried, as would almost certainly have been the case, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald could not have taken office. Mr. Baldwin's Government could not, of course, have continued in being for any length of time in circumstances so precarious, but it might have "carried on" until after the Budget, and then have gone to the country. Whether, in the long run, this strategy would have been wise is another matter. Many Liberals must now be regretting that they were not offered this escape from suicide.

Mr. Winston Churchill

Mr. Churchill, indeed, issued a weighty appeal that such a course should be followed. It produced no appreciable effect other than to mark his own evident intention to return to the Conservative fold. It has long been understood that between Mr. Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austin Chamberlain and Lord Birkenhead existed an understanding which it was hoped would some day enable them once more to form the nucleus of a Centre Party. Of this quartette the most, if not the only, acceptable member is Mr. Churchill. Undoubtedly he suffers from the defects of his qualities, but the qualities are conspicuous and the defects have been those rather of impetuosity than any which could tarnish his reputation for personal honour.

It is an open secret that, notwithstanding his despatch of battleships to intimidate Ulster in 1914, he, having had his eyes opened by the 1916 Dublin rebellion, fought hard against the shame of the Irish Treaty. He is an Imperialist and has never pandered to Socialism. His reputation as an administrator is good. He is undoubtedly also one of the most effective debaters in the House, with a thorough knowledge of parliamentary tradition and procedure. It would be absurd, therefore, to pretend that his return to the Conservative Party would not be an advantage, provided that he is entirely free from his former entanglements.

Socialism and Protection

The valuable *Trade Review* published by the *Yorkshire Post* contains many pregnant reflections upon the economic situation. It suggests, for instance, that a Socialist Party in power would soon gravitate towards Protection. It would be forced to choose between protecting the

standard of life of our workmen or destroying trade by rapid consumption of capital. There is but a short distance between stipulating for exclusively home manufactures in placing public contracts to avoid unemployment and putting a duty on imported goods produced under conditions which our trade unions would not accept.

Hunger would quickly dissipate sentiment about International Brotherhood. The international labour organisation of the League of Nations would soon be recognised as entirely ineffective in safeguarding the maintenance of a wages standard in this country by the impossible process of imposing it upon Continental millions content with half, or less, in preference to starvation.

Its futility is illustrated by the fact that it constantly proposes resolutions incapable of being carried out, and supported by an unaffected majority against a minority which alone would suffer. Such a case was the absurd proposal relating to hours of labour for shipping, in which England was mainly concerned, and would have been outvoted by countries not affected at all. The inherent weakness of the League is thus well illustrated. Human nature will have to undergo a very radical and doubtfully desirable transformation before the individual will tamely submit to the arbitrament of unaffected third parties.

Irish to Help Socialists

THERE no longer seems any doubt that instructions have been given from Dublin for the Irish vote at future elections in this country to be cast in favour of Labour, and that at the recent General Election this intimation was acted upon by the vast majority of Irish electors in English and Scottish constituencies. It is stated quite freely in Dublin and elsewhere in the Irish Free State that the aim of the Irish politicians is to secure the return of Labour, not only to office, but to power, at Westminster, so that once again in our political history we shall almost certainly see England's difficulty being seized upon as Ireland's opportunity. Ever since the enactment of the Irish Treaty no secret has been made in Dublin of the fact that it was simply to be used as a stepping-stone to out-and-out Republicanism, and to complete severance of the gossamer thread which links Southern Ireland to Great Britain. It is hoped that, when

once a Labour Government has been returned in England, it would be induced to abandon Ulster and to leave her at the mercy of the Free State, and that the proclamation of an Irish Republic would not be resisted by many of the Labour Party who themselves are Republicans at heart.

A Propagandist Handbook

The handbook which has been issued by the North-Eastern Boundary Bureau in Dublin is easily recognisable as a propagandist publication. That it has been expensively produced there is no doubt, but in the present conditions of the finances of Southern Ireland one would have thought that the Dublin Stationery Office might have been spared such unnecessary expenditure. In fact, it seems remarkable, when economy is every bit as essential in Southern Ireland as it is in Great Britain, that the Free State Government should think it expedient to maintain such an organisation as the North-Eastern Boundary Bureau for the issue of manifestos and one-sided statements to the Press which seldom see the light of day, and only help to swell the already overcrowded waste-paper baskets in the news-rooms of the daily papers. However, Ireland is Ireland, and that explains a lot.

A Misinformed Critic

The ignorance which prevails in many quarters with regard to Irish affairs has been further illustrated by the review of the handbook recently published in the *Economist*, which declares the best part of the book to be that which advocates some form of union between North and South in the interests, not of States, but of human beings. The *Economist* reviewer has evidently been carried away by what he himself describes as a plea for "political humanism," and forgets that Ulster, having accepted the 1920 Act as a final settlement, will have nothing to do with union. That eleven out of the thirteen members which Ulster returned to the Imperial Parliament at the General Election are Unionists pledged to the maintenance of the connection with Great Britain is the most convincing answer that could have been given to such a suggestion. The reviewer is also intrigued by the argument contained in the economic section of the handbook to the effect that the Northern

area is not paying its fair share towards Imperial liabilities. He evidently forgets that, so far as Imperial taxation is concerned, the Government of Northern Ireland is not responsible, taxation for Imperial services being reserved to the British authorities, and that the people of Ulster by paying British taxes are really contributing to Imperial revenue, whereas the taxpayers in the Free State are not. It is surely not too much to expect that on such matters the *Economist* should know better.

Reparations

We publish in this number an important article on the Franco-German problem by M. André Chéradame, a distinguished French writer, whose book, *The Pan-German Plot Unmasked*, created a sensation during the war. Lord Cromer said of it: "M. Chéradame stands conspicuous amongst that very small body of politicians who warned Europe betimes of the German danger. The fact that in the past he proved a true prophet gives him a special claim to be heard when he states his views as regards the present and the future." Lord Sydenham also has paid tribute to "his masterly exposition of the fundamental causes of the exchange difficulties of Europe." M. Chéradame's present article on Reparations is especially valuable at this moment when German resources and capacity to pay are once again to be investigated, and when, owing to the advent to office of a Socialist Government in Great Britain, our policy in European affairs has become incalculable. It is useless to speculate either upon the probable attitude of the new Government or upon the result of the investigations. When, however, an attempt is made to devise means of collecting payments from Germany, we trust that the most effective, as well as the simplest, method will be adopted, namely, the imposition of a special tax upon both her imported raw materials and her exported manufactures.

The Franco-Czechoslovak Treaty

The announcement of the conclusion of a Treaty of Guarantee between France and Czechoslovakia has brought forth a certain amount of unfriendly comment from the pro-German section of the British Press. Considering the past record of Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovak

Foreign Minister, and his close association with the League of Nations, such criticism should have been reserved at least until the contents of the Treaty were known. Without, however, awaiting its publication, the critics assumed that the Treaty was on the lines of the military agreement concluded between France and Poland, and that it had something to do with a loan for the purchase of armaments. The Treaty was somewhat hastily denounced as "a dispensation wholly unconnected with the League of Nations," and as establishing the hegemony of France over Central Europe. It would split Europe into two armed camps, one headed by France and the other by Italy.

From the details, however, which have already been made known, it is certain that the Franco-Czechoslovak Treaty is in no sense a military pact, contains no military or secret clauses, and provides neither for a warlike alliance between the two countries nor for a loan for any purpose. We believe, on the contrary, that it will prove to be a pacific instrument in keeping with the League of Nations' provision for regional understandings and embodying the principles of compulsory arbitration without any reservations—this, to our knowledge, being the first instance of this principle being embodied in a treaty signed by any European Power. As a further confutation of the alarmists comes the announcement that, as a result of it and of the enhanced feeling of security which it gives to the Central European States, Czechoslovakia proposes to reduce her Army to two-thirds of its present strength.

The Treaty about to be signed between Italy and Jugoslavia, and the satisfaction with which its announcement was greeted by the Conference of the Little Entente in Belgrade, show that the critics were also mistaken in the effect they expected the Franco-Czechoslovak Treaty to have upon the European situation. Dr. Benes' evident prescience of this new understanding seems to be a positive indication that the two agreements form only a part of a much larger scheme.

Pussyfoot

Mr. Johnson has returned to America after his world tour in high feather. He is of opinion that all the countries he has visited will soon be dry. He would have some reason to be elated with the progress of

his campaign in England but for the very decided reverse he has suffered in Scotland, where the triennial local option polls have resulted in the rout of the Prohibitionists. An illuminating article by Lord Salvesen, until lately a judge of Court of Session of Scotland (on page 221), deals more exhaustively with the recent polls and the working of the Act in Scotland than any which has yet appeared in the English Press. It will serve as authority and guide if the legislation is attempted which must be expected as a result of the fact that the whole of the Liberal, as well as the Labour, Party in the new Parliament, constituting a majority, are pledged to Local Option. Mr. Johnson is cheering himself and his party with the following bit of doggerel :—

My right eye is out,
My left eye is shy :
But I'm not going to die
Till the whole world is dry !

He also predicts that Great Britain will be dry in a few years, commencing with Local Option, and he has discovered that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is "practically a Prohibitionist." Mr. Johnson's satisfaction with the progress of his crusade will not perhaps be enhanced by the knowledge that countless millions will sincerely wish that he may outlive them all.

The Way to Defeat Prohibition

Lord Salvesen points out that the bigoted extremists, miscalled temperance reformers, are in fact so intemperate that they have hitherto succeeded in excluding from the legislation which, although in a minority, they foisted upon Scotland, the one means by which real temperance reform could be achieved. The alternative power demanded by the reasonable party was the right to reform the public house. This has been so far furiously resisted by the Prohibitionists. They are well aware that with the elimination of the mere drinking den, and the improvement of the licensed house into a respectable and comfortable resort for refreshment (not exclusively alcoholic), rest, and company, such as is general on the Continent, and to which no one need be ashamed to go openly, the movement for abolition would quickly die a natural death. Inasmuch as it would involve considerable outlay it would obviously also involve security of tenure,

subject only to proper conduct, instead of the present system of annual licence. In view of the defeat of the Prohibitionists at the recent polls in Scotland, there is little doubt but that Reform will there soon take the place of Veto. The experience gained in Scotland will powerfully influence similar legislation in England, and we shall shortly, therefore, reprint Lord Salvesen's instructive article in pamphlet form.

THE Prohibitionist's tactics are to move by stages :—

Local Option, Local Veto, Prohibition, No tobacco.

Tobacco Next

In this country they are as yet only in the first stage. In America, having achieved Prohibition, they have already launched an anti-tobacco crusade, and smoking is now illegal in at least one State. Alcohol is a drug, tobacco is a drug, next tea and coffee will be denounced as drugs. Finally, if indeed there be any finality to the craze of compulsory abstinence from anything that is enjoyable, meat will be banned.

An American girl student was expelled the other day for smoking a cigarette in the garden. Nothing so encourages excessive indulgence in a habit which, so long as it is not abused, is harmless, as its arbitrary prohibition. The habit of drinking amongst young people of both sexes of an age at which, but a few years ago, it hardly existed, is now as the result of Prohibition in America increased to a deplorable degree.

IT is evident from the maiden speech of the Duchess of Atholl that the debating strength of the House has been really reinforced by a woman. Lady Astor certainly does not lack fluency and a lively gift of *repartee*. The Duchess, however, made a greater impression by her first speech than Lady Astor has yet made upon the House in her four years of membership. It was pithy, well expressed, and well delivered, without a superfluous word. She conformed with Parliamentary tradition by confining herself strictly to the subject of the King's Speech, and was rewarded by a sincerely cordial reception.

The Duchess of Atholl, M.P.

The Three Party Creeds

Conservative

A Dissertation upon Parties

By J. A. R. Marriott, M.P.

(*Author of "English Political Institutions," etc.*)

If I borrow a title for this paper from one of the most brilliant essays in our political literature it is not from sheer arrogance, still less to invite literary comparisons, but simply in order to suggest a political analogy. When Bolingbroke wrote his pamphlet—nearly two hundred years ago—the system of party government had not yet emerged from the experimental stage. Yet men were, even then, quick to attribute to that system many of the infirmities and corruptions from which the State appeared to contemporaries to suffer.

Can it be questioned that in this day of the maturity of the system—some would say when it has reached the stage of senile decay—a crisis in some respects analogous to that which confronted Bolingbroke has arisen in our political history?

Let us briefly recall the history of party government in England. In the course of the last three centuries the English people, under the stress of political necessity, have evolved a system of government entirely without precedent in the history of civilisation. By the device of an Executive responsible to and dependent upon a popularly elected legislative chamber we solved a difficult problem in political science. How to make the Executive sufficiently strong to maintain order at home and to secure respect for the country abroad, and at the same time to keep it responsive to public opinion, is no easy task. The Cabinet system, resting upon party organisation, provided us with a reasonably successful solution. And the device has been widely imitated, not only in our own Colonies, but by many of the more progressive peoples of the world.

Nor has the system failed of success. But to that success certain conditions would seem to be essential.

The Legislature which sustains the Executive must be divided into two organised parties, divided from each other on lines sufficiently clear and intelligible yet not radically irreconcilable. Between them there must indeed be, as Cromwell phrased it, "agreement on fundamentals." Again, the system worked best so long as the representatives of both great parties were socially homogeneous, composed of men of similar type and breeding, and educated mostly at the same schools; in fine, so long as England was in fact—long after it had ceased to be in name—an aristocracy. In this connection it is not without significance that both Lecky and Gladstone assign to the period between 1832 and 1867 the zenith of representative Government. From 1714 to 1867, however, Whigs and Tories had their turns of ascendancy. The Whigs were in power for nearly half a century (1714-1760). Aften ten years of confusion due to the policy of George III. and Chatham, the Tories came into power under Lord North in 1770, and were not really displaced until 1830. From 1830 to 1874 the Whigs were with brief intervals in office. Since 1868 the alternations have been more brief and more regular.

Into this happy and comfortable arrangement the extension of a democratic franchise to Ireland brought the first really disturbing element. The return to Parliament of some 80 avowed Separatists destroyed the two-party system, though from 1886 to 1906 the Unionists, and from 1906 to 1910 the Radicals, were numerous enough to neutralise the inconvenience. From 1906 onwards the Labour-Socialists added a fourth group, which grew so rapidly that by 1922 it was able to depose the Liberal Party from the second place, and to claim the rights and exercise the duties of "His Majesty's Opposition."

The inconvenience has not, however, been acute until the return of the present Parliament. The group of Irish Separatists has, indeed, disappeared, but by the reduction of the Conservative Party to 258, and the increase of the Labour-Socialists and Liberals to 191 and 159 respectively, a situation has arisen which is undoubtedly difficult and may even, unless it be speedily resolved, threaten danger to the very existence of representative or parliamentary democracy. Nor are there

lacking men who would witness the disappearance of that type of democracy without a sigh. The syndicalist has as little sympathy with representative democracy as with bureaucratic socialism. To substitute Whitehall for a limited company is, in his view, only to exchange one tyranny for another; yet of parliamentary democracy State Socialism is to him the economic complement. Your syndicalist wants neither; direct action and Soviet rule represent his economic and political ideals.

Assuming, however, the continuance of the parliamentary type of democracy, it becomes a serious question how the King's Government is to be carried on under conditions such as those which have now supervened.

The man-in-the-street, the mugwump, the many who are greatly interested in the security and stability of the State but who care little for the fortunes of parties and party leaders, are apt to ask, with increasing emphasis, what are the forces which are operating to prevent the co-operation of men between whom there is a large measure of political agreement to resist the ascendancy of a party to whose fundamental principles they are in common wholly opposed? Thus we have Professor Spenser Wilkinson, "as a plain Englishman," putting certain questions to his friends in the House of Commons (*The Times*, January 10). He wants to know "what is the use of Parliament if, after an election in which one-third of the votes were given in favour of Socialism and two-thirds against that policy, the Government of the country, and its all-important relations with the rest of the world, are to be entrusted to a Socialist minority?" A good many other "plain Englishmen" are, I fancy, asking themselves and others a similar question. Nor is it easy to find an answer, especially in conjunction with the second pertinent enquiry addressed by Professor Wilkinson to his friends: "What vital question to-day, the Irish Gordian knot having been cut, and protection being for the present outside practical politics, separates Liberals from Conservatives? Are they kept apart by anything but personal considerations and old associations?"

The "plain Englishman" will doubtless receive many answers from many different angles. My own answer

would be somewhat on this wise. Party organisation is an essential attribute of parliamentary government as understood in England. Critical moments occur from time to time—the war was evidently one of them—when party differences must be suppressed, and all men of good will must cordially co-operate in sustaining the Executive Government. But generally speaking it is important and even essential to preserve party organisation and to maintain party discipline. In the absence of such discipline and organisation the Legislature will lapse into chaos, and the Executive will be hopelessly weakened and discredited. But if the party system is to subsist it is equally essential that the lines on which parties are divided should correspond to political realities. Between Liberals and Conservatives there are barriers of tradition, barriers of temperament, and barriers erected by personal prejudices and ambitions. Are these insurmountable? And are others?

When party lines were originally drawn the Tories were the party of the Church, the land—particularly the smaller landed gentry or squirearchy, and the party which favoured the Royal prerogative. The Whigs represented the "moneyed" interest, the dissenters, and their leaders were drawn from a small knot of great nobles who desired virtually to replace the monarchy by an oligarchy. These lines are not wholly obliterated. An attack upon the Established Church and its endowments would again sharply divide Radicals and Conservatives; but such an attack, though it might come from within the fold, is now a remote political contingency. Any attempt to discriminate unfairly between property in land and other forms of private property would again arouse, as in 1909, intense feeling between the historic parties. But the menace to the whole principle of private property is now far too serious to permit the survival of internecine jealousies between those who advocate or reject different forms of it. The Irish and the fiscal questions divided the old parties for a generation. If they are shelved what remains?

Between the right wing of Liberalism—the Whigs of older days—and the general body of Conservatives the lines of division are so faint as to be barely discernible.

Yet there is a difference of temperament and outlook. Take such a question as that of the oversea Empire. No Conservative, of any shade, could be tepid on this question. His whole conception of patriotism is founded on devotion, not to the insular European State—"a third-rate isle half lost among her seas"—but to the Greater Britain beyond the oceans. Your typical Liberal, on the other hand, has never quite shaken himself free from the Cobdenite tradition, from the worship of a *laissez faire* theory which would gladly have seen the Colonies "loose the bonds and go"; whose ambition it was to "ripen those communities to the earliest possible maturity . . . and to qualify them by all the appliances within the reach of the parent State for present self-government and *eventual independence*." That was the ideal of the Manchester School, and it still colours a good deal of Liberal opinion. No true Conservative can contemplate such a consummation without repugnance and dismay. His ideal is closer union—commercial, constitutional and strategic: a *Bundes-stat*, and not merely a *Staten-bund*, still less a loose alliance of independent States.

There are other questions which the historic parties approach from different angles, but they are few and insignificant as compared with the principle which divides both from the Socialists. It would, indeed, be a matter for profound regret if party distinctions were to be readjusted on lines of class, if in the near future the line of demarcation were to be social and economic instead of political. But to those who, in apprehension of such a development, deprecate a fusion or even an "understanding" between the older parties I would respectfully submit certain considerations.

First, the Socialist Party is not coextensive with the manual workers, nor even with the trade unionists of the country. There are reckoned to be at least 16,000,000 wage-earners in Great Britain, the vast majority of whom are voters; at their highest (1920) the trade unions claimed a membership of over 8,000,000, yet the highest number of votes ever recorded for the party which, with an arrogance amounting to impertinence, claims to speak for "Labour" is 4,600,000. This means, of course, that the vast majority of those who labour with their hands still

vote either Conservative or Liberal. On the other hand the Socialist Party notoriously includes in its ranks a considerable number of the younger "intellectuals," who are attracted, not ungenerously, to a party which professes to base its programme upon a higher idealism. Of this development no one who has any acquaintance with University life can be unconscious. A young don has recently written about these undergraduate adherents of the Labour Party at Oxford: "Imagination and sympathy may perhaps not take them far, but sooner or later the middle classes (and soonest the professional men whose sons still fill the Oxford colleges) will perceive with painful amazement that their one chance of survival does not lie with big business or vested interest but with the idealists of the Labour Party," and he asserts, doubtless with some exaggeration, that "the Labour Party has conspicuously more adherents in the University [of Oxford] who are daily and practically interested in politics than any other party whatsoever" (*Empire Review*, December, 1923). In view, therefore, of the fact that on the one hand a large majority of the manual workers still vote for Conservative or Liberal candidates, and that on the other the Socialist Party claims an increasing number of adherents among "bourgeois" intellectuals, the fears, widely entertained, of a rigid class division between the political parties of the future seem to me to be exaggerated.

Secondly, it is quite a delusion to imagine that the manual workers have no share in the "capital" of the country. Apart from their interest in the corporate funds of trade unions, benefit societies, and co-operative societies, very large numbers of wage-earners personally own shares in various industrial concerns. Particularly is this true of the cotton operatives of Lancashire, comparatively few of whom are without capital invested in the "mills," though seldom, it is said, in the particular mill in which they work. They prefer, in fact, to spread their risks. And they watch their interests closely. Not long ago an old weaver—a woman past work—stopped the chairman of the company in the street with this remark: "D'ye know, Master John, that the —— mill were lit up last night twenty minutes afore dark! And they've got £40 of mine!" The complaint was heeded and the waste

stopped. Such folk have strong views on the sanctity of private property; and, though they are assured that the small capitalist would not be touched by a capital levy, they are shrewd enough to appreciate the effect which such proposals would have upon the capital value of their savings, whether those savings are invested in Government bonds, in cotton mills or railway shares.

One hears expressions of regret that the line of demarcation between parties should be becoming economic rather than political. The danger is palpable, and I share to the full the regret. But let it not be thought that the economic line thus drawn separates the rich and the poor. Much more is it drawn between those who appreciate the importance of private property and individual enterprise, and those who would vest all capital in the State, and make the State or public authorities the sole directors of industry and the sole employers of labour.

But lamentations are vain. The worst thing that can befall party politics is that lines of demarcation should not correspond to the realities of the contemporary situation. I have no desire whatever to see an artificial combination between Liberals and Conservatives for the sake of excluding the Socialists from office. The idea of a "Coalition" such as that which was maintained for four years after the Armistice is, I believe, equally repugnant to both the parties which coalesced. But neither party could ever have forgiven itself, or been forgiven by the nation, had it refused to coalesce when the national safety demanded the union of all parties between 1915 and 1918.

It may be that the historic Liberal Party has become more permeated by Socialistic doctrine than some of its older members are willing to admit, and that a large section of it have, genuinely, closer political affinities with Labour than with Conservatism. Should this prove to be the case, it would be clear gain to recognise the unpalatable truth, and to facilitate a fusion which would reflect the varieties of political life. Such a development would, however, have the inevitable result of throwing the right wing of the truncated Liberal Party into the arms of Conservatism, and so complete the destruction of an historic party. Thus would the two-party system be

restored, and parliamentary government, gravely menaced by recent developments, might obtain a fresh lease of life.

Events may, however, take another course. Before these words are in print a Socialist Government may have been installed in office, though hardly in power, by the deliberate action of Liberals, who, wrapping around them the cloak of austere and antique virtue, will not touch with their finger-tips the unclean garments of reactionary Toryism. How far such a momentous decision would be inspired by personal considerations we must not even venture to surmise. That it would mark a momentous episode in the history of English politics is beyond question. It is a small matter that it would hurl from power an administration which three months ago seemed to have at least three years of useful life before it. For the Tories it would mean, at the worst, a brief sojourn in opposition. For the Liberals it would signify suicide. The *raison d'être* of Liberalism, as distinct from Whiggism and neo-Radicalism, is the doctrine of individual liberty inherited from Bentham, the Mills, and the Utilitarians in general. The essential work of the first half of the nineteenth century—the heyday of Liberalism—was to emancipate the individual from the fetters and restrictions imposed upon him, frequently for his good, by various associations representing communal interests in an age when the great majority of individuals were mostly powerless. To the functions and powers of these communal associations the State—benevolently autocratic—succeeded. Meanwhile, the individual emerged from the apprentice-stage and claimed the rights of adult manhood. Liberalism conceded the claim, and guaranteed the rights implied by the concession.

The departure from sound tradition began to manifest itself about the year 1908, and thereafter the descent towards the Avernus of State Socialism was easy and rapid. Yet the salt of Liberalism had not wholly lost its savour, though an increasing number of old-fashioned Liberals were finding salvation in the Conservative camp. The General Election of 1923 has finally brought an historic party to the cross-roads. Before these words are read a decision will have been made fateful not merely in the history of parties, but in the history of the British Commonwealth.

"Whilst a real difference of principles and designs supported the distinction we were divided into national parties, and this was misfortune enough. . . . But if the distinction should remain, when the difference subsists no longer, the misfortune would be still greater. . . . The bulk of both parties are really united. . . . What shall we say to those who publicly speak of this national union as impracticable and chimerical, yet privately act against it with all their might as a practicable thing? If it be as compleat and as well cemented, as I imagine it is, it is surely the duty of everyone who desires the prosperity of his country to seize the opportunity to cultivate and improve it." So Bolingbroke wrote in 1733. His motives would not, perhaps, bear too close a scrutiny. But the moral he draws would seem to have more lasting value and more extended application.

Liberal

By The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy

(Late Chief Whip of the Liberal Party)

I WAS, during the war and after the war, a whole-hearted supporter of the successive Coalition Governments.

It seemed to me to be right that men and women of differing views should sink their differences in face of a national peril, and equally right that they should put country before party and work together to make good the wastage of war.

When the Conservatives broke up the Coalition they destroyed an instrument of government which had served us well during the war, but which was perhaps very near the end of its usefulness.

A Coalition is only right and salutary when its members are sinking their party differences in order to carry out measures in the necessity and expediency of which they honestly believe, by methods on which they find themselves in agreement.

It was clearly right for all parties to co-operate in order to win the war.

It was, in my view, clearly right for all parties to

continue the co-operation of the war until the problems of demobilisation and the industrial and financial problems immediately arising out of the war had been dealt with. Coalition for national defence until the war was won, Coalition for national reconstruction for some years after the war, seemed to me a patriotic duty transcending all party claims.

But the inherent weakness of the post-war Coalition was the fact that on its post-war policy, the policy of national reconstruction, the Coalition was never really agreed.

The great schemes for the better equipment of British industry, for the restoration of our trade, for the supply of cheap electric power, the conservation of our coal resources, the rebuilding of our slums, the development of agriculture—in a word, the plans for rebuilding our industrial and social life—were never really accepted with equal enthusiasm by the two partners in the Coalition.

The time came when a section of the Conservative Party and a section of the Conservative Press poured upon the Coalition a tornado of hostile criticism which brought to an end any possibility of far-reaching measures of national reconstruction.

"Perhaps no Government," says Lord Milner, "could have resisted the tornado." Lord Milner has well summed up what happened:—

> The very idea of *reconstruction*, of organising our industrial efforts and developing our resources on any settled plan, fell into disrepute. Agriculture was allowed to lose all, and more than all, the ground which it gained during the war. The immense economies which might be effected by the production of electricity in bulk, by the better methods for the production, distribution and use of coal, so far from being seriously taken in hand, no longer excited the faintest public interest. Aviation, in which at the close of the war we led the world, became smitten with paralysis. This country will soon become the most backward of the great European nations in the struggle for the conquest of the air. . . . So far from improving production in old and developing it in new directions, we got a plentiful crop of unemployment, and the money which we did not dare to spend on constructive work had to be spent on keeping men alive in idleness.

The battle for reconstruction was for the time fought and lost. The post-war Coalition, the Coalition for purposes of reconstruction, had nothing left to live for. It was killed by the Conservatives, and, having killed it, the Conservatives went to the country on the Tranquillity

ticket—on an avowed and unashamed policy of do nothing and give the taxpayer peace.

Let us realise plainly and clearly that the last years of the Coalition witnessed the dramatic and effective emergence of the fundamental differences of the Conservative and Liberal mind when applied to the national problems of reconstruction, and that it was that fundamental difference of outlook that destroyed Coalition little more than a year ago.

During the twelve months of Conservative government that followed, all these grave problems have been left untouched. Nothing has been done for the unemployed, nothing worth mentioning for the houseless, and tranquillity has been pursued so thoroughly that, even in the matter of aviation as a factor of national defence, our position has been allowed to go from bad to worse.

We have now passed through the testing fires of a General Election. No party has emerged with a majority. Some co-operation between parties is necessary if the King's Government is to be carried on.

Between what parties is co-operation of any kind possible?

The answer to this question depends on what we regard as the urgent, vital question of the hour. If that question were Socialism, then there can be no doubt that Liberals and Conservatives would find themselves once more fighting side by side.

But it is not. As I see the political situation in this country, it is not Socialism but Conservatism which for the moment is the most deadly peril to our very existence as a great Power and to our national interests—not revolution, but tranquillity and stagnation in our national life. A few more years of the political pessimism of the present Conservative Government would, I believe, make the advent of a real live Socialist Government, backed by an independent majority of the electors, a certainty, and a deserved certainty.

And I say this not because I regard Conservatism as a bad thing in itself. On the contrary, Conservatism is an excellent thing, only you can have too much of it. This country has certainly too much of it. There is too much Conservatism in the Liberal Party, and I should doubt

if the Labour Party to-day does not contain more Conservatives than Socialists; certainly the Socialists are not a fourth of the voting strength of the Labour Party.

The country needs far-reaching drastic reforms, not merely as the only sure preventive of revolutionary policies, but to enable us to hold our place in the world.

Our people are poor. Eleven millions of them were said, before the war, to be living on the verge of starvation. They ought to be much richer. Our land is not producing half the food it is capable of producing. Our factories and workshops, man for man, hour for hour, are not creating half the wealth which our American rivals can now produce. We are tolerating the existence of slums, which cost us, in preventable disease, an annual burden more than is involved in our debt to the United States. We are falling hopelessly behind the New World in the development of electrical power and in the electrification of railways and transport.

As Mr. Neville Chamberlain recently pointed out, on the Continent also our rivals are far outstripping us in the equipment of their industries, and because we are suffering from innate and obstinate Conservatism in our industrial life we are growing poorer instead of richer. From 1800 to 1900 the national income per head of the population increased nearly fourfold; from 1900 to the present time the growth of the national income per head of the population has been stagnant or actually declined.

In approximately the same period while the population of the United States has increased 50 per cent. (from 76,000,000 to 106,000,000) the national wealth of the American people has increased more than threefold, far faster than the increase of the population.

Our people are poor, our workers are dissatisfied, and there is only one remedy in which Liberals believe—in a freer, fuller utilisation of our organising abilities, our inventive powers, our natural resources—a substantial increase of the national wealth.

The social problem in this country is not a problem of the distribution of wealth, but a problem of production.

If the reconstruction policy of 1918 had been carried out we should have no unemployment to-day and no fear of Socialism to-morrow.

To every Liberal the constructive policy, which Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George put before the country at the last election, is the first and essential thing to tackle.

Could Liberals safely co-operate with men who on this matter hold very different views, who wrecked reconstruction in the last Coalition Parliament, who stirred up the maniacal anti-waste agitation for the purpose of blocking any and every kind of social reform? I think not.

Can Liberals refuse to support their own policy of reconstruction, urgently needed, as they believe, as a remedy for our industrial troubles, and as a foundation for greater national prosperity in the future, because it is a Labour Government that will have the chance of carrying it out?

There can be only one answer to that question.

Reconstruction, the provision of better houses, better education, better wages, better industrial conditions, all the material equipment necessary to enable British workers and their employers to raise the standard of British efficiency to the level of their better equipped rivals—these things are more than a policy, they are a solemn obligation to the men who fought in the war.

"A land fit for heroes to live in." To some of my readers it may seem a mad ideal, disastrous to those who pay death duties, terrifying to the taxpayer. To the Liberal it is a debt of honour, the repudiation of which would cost us as much in the long run as the repudiation of any other national obligation.

It is a matter on which difference of temperament may obviously make co-operation impossible between two otherwise friendly citizens.

It may be that the Labour Party will spurn their opportunity of doing this good work and prefer to pursue phantoms of Collectivism along pathways where no Liberal can follow. But they must have their chance. It is not the fault of the Liberals that Labour is now the second party in the State. The growth of the Labour Party is due to one thing—the failure of the Coalition to carry out its reconstruction policy.

I do not criticise the Conservatives because their views as to the need for great expensive schemes of developing electric power and giving cheaper and better

transport to British industries, for rebuilding slums from Land's End to John o' Groat's, and for improving the educational facilities of our people differ from mine. But I quite frankly recognise that on these matters we do differ, and that, while these are the things which matter most to me, we cannot usefully or even honestly pretend to co-operate.

Some day we may agree even on this thing, and the Labour Party may be in disagreement with us on other matters which may then be the question of the hour.

But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

So far I have raised no personal issues of any kind. I have gone beneath the disturbed and angry surface of politics to find the fundamental differences which emerged to separate Liberals and Conservatives a year or more ago, and which separate them to-day. But I assent also to Mr. Asquith's other and weighty reasons for refusing any support to the present Government.

To me, Mr. Baldwin's twelve months' administration has been a nightmare and a misery. No Socialist could alarm me more. While Europe has been preparing feverishly for war, we have passed with tranquillity and complacency into a position where we are friendless and defenceless.

I would rather risk a real Socialist Government in England than see us continue down the path of national humiliation and peril, along which Mr. Baldwin has so light-heartedly led us.

Socialist

By George Lansbury, M.P.

(Late Editor of the "Daily Herald")

THE coming of the Labour Party to office, if not to power, has set all the pens in Fleet Street scratching to find causes or reasons why property owners should become violently alarmed and take immediate steps to remove their portable property out of harm's reach. In my life-time there have been many such alarums and excursions. It seems but yesterday that *Punch* and his late lamented

colleague *Judy* were caricaturing the G.O.M. of Liberalism, the late Mr. Gladstone, as the arch-fiend of all that was terrifying and horrible.

As youngsters taking an interest in political affairs, people of my age can remember the time when the late Joseph Chamberlain and Charles Dilke were the *enfants terribles* of the alarmist Press. Nowadays all three live in our memories surrounded with a sort of odour of sanctity. Time has washed away the memory of their imaginary devilry, and most people think of them as men who tried to serve the world to the utmost of their capacity and power.

Our grandchildren, if any of them ever think it worth while to turn up the pages of demented rubbish which in these days is poured forth from Carmelite House and other kindred establishments, will marvel the more at the insolence and ignorance displayed by these Jeremiahs of evil, when they also read of the conditions of life under which millions of human beings were doomed to live whilst the world of mankind was governed by those who claimed sole fitness to rule. We who are living in the present-day stream of things know quite well it is not the working people who have landed us where we are, and we know also that however much the war may have accentuated the evils of our day, these evils existed long before 1914.

Before 1914 a notorious Liberal statesman declared Britain was " Paradise for the rich and hell for the poor." Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman put it on record that 13,000,000 people living in this island were existing below the poverty line, and in a state of chronic destitution. Royal Commissions told us of the back-to-back slums and cellar kitchens in which masses of human beings were forced to live herded together under conditions such as no owner of animals would allow his beasts to be stabled. Others, again, gave us word-pictures describing the bestial horrors of mixed workhouses, casual wards, unemployment, casual labour and low wages. Chief Constables in charge of our big towns, especially those in which troops were garrisoned, told piteous stories of women and girls toiling long hours in sweated industries, driven to sell their bodies in order to get sufficient money with which to buy food and shelter. The late Charles Booth, Seebohm Rowntree,

and G. R. Sims all gave testimony regarding these social evils.

Then came the war. Everybody was needed. Everybody was fed and clothed as never before. Many a man found for the first time in life that somebody thought him good enough for employment. Mothers of families, also for the first time, received a regular allowance graduated according to family, and increased as prices rose. Later on, all these have discovered that, although the State, as organised by the geniuses who, we are told, are the only ones who can rule us, can do these things when men are needed to kill and destroy others, we dare not attempt such schemes of national organisation and service in order to preserve human life.

Before Tories and Liberals can convince any sensible people of Labour's unfitness to govern, they must first of all explain why it is that after centuries of class rule and domination, Britain and the world are faced with the terrible condition of affairs which to-day confronts us everywhere, especially when it is realised that side by side with the growth of modern poverty and destitution, man's power over nature has increased a thousandfold. No! It is no use telling us what Labour cannot do. What we want to know is: How do the advocates of private enterprise and *laisser faire* explain the fact that to-day the conditions of the working classes grow worse and worse, while material wealth is being accumulated in fewer and fewer hands?

We who are Socialists and members of the Labour Party do not intend to apologise for our policy or our creed. The older parties and systems have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is they, and they alone, who are responsible for the evil plight the world is in, and it is the workers themselves who must lift humanity out of the morass of destitution into which the greed and avarice, the ineptitude and ignorance of these people have landed us. Labour has at all times produced capable and efficient men and women who have been chosen by the classes to rule over their fellows in the interests of the classes. Labour men and women are now going to administer and govern, not for the classes but for the nation.

We are not a class party, because those who work with hand or brain are, in effect, the nation. Consequently the Labour Movement stands definitely for the ownership and control by the community of all the natural resources of our country, and is working to secure that the organisation of production and distribution of the goods we need for the preservation of life shall be arranged on the basis of communal service, instead of for individual gain and profit.

Great and fundamental changes are not accomplished in a day or in a year. We know that to carry our programme we shall need the conscious support of the majority of our fellow citizens. We march slowly but surely towards our goal, never disguising from ourselves or from others what that goal really is. All our active workers are men and women who strive to serve the community by assisting to carry on the work of town, borough and district councils, together with the very difficult task of administering the Poor Law. Many men and women are spending the best years of their life in this sort of work, and yet in spite of this are painted in the alarmist Press as persons in such a hurry to secure their political ends that they will destroy the whole structure of society without troubling about the consequences which might follow.

The fact is that nowhere in the whole world is there a working class which possesses to so large an extent as ours the genius of government and administration. Nowhere else has the working class so successfully participated in the tasks associated with local government. We help to palliate and make more bearable the evils of our day. Where Labour is in power locally the death-rate falls, and a better standard of public life is set up. Our progress is conscious, not blind. I know that in the past the race has moved forward, and at times has appeared to go backwards, and that the masses were unconscious whither they were going. To-day we can certainly say that huge masses of our people at least understand what it is they want, and the means they intend to adopt to attain their ends. The nation will, therefore, expect from a Parliament in which there is a Labour majority or a Labour Government in office, legislation of a different character from that which occupied the time during the reign of Disraeli or Gladstone.

More than at any other time in our history, the condition of people question must and will be dealt with. It is not for me to say what programme J. Ramsay MacDonald and his colleagues will put forward during the present session. It is, however, as certain as the day that housing, unemployment, old age pensions, pensions for mothers and other social reforms must be tackled. Our enemies in both political camps admit this must be our line of policy. It is, however, amusing to find Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Pringle both confessing they have grave doubts whether the Labour Government when it comes will be courageous and daring enough. Mr. Pringle is reported as saying that the task of Liberals will be to keep the Labour Party up to the mark, always, however, stopping short of any purely Socialist proposals. What it is exactly either of these gentlemen has in mind it is a little difficult to say.

All legislation which deals with social and industrial questions comes under the ban which would exclude Socialistic efforts. In fact, there is not, and never has been, a purely individualistic society since the day when the first families in prehistoric days found means of sheltering each other from storms and the attacks of wild animals. Every advance the race has made towards a higher standard of life has been established by communal efforts. The saying, "We are all part of each other," is a truism which all classes have to some extent adopted in the building up of human society. The Labour Movement will develop this principle of life still more, until every department of life is organised on the basis of communal service.

The attacks launched against the Labour Party because it is a Socialist Party are based either on ignorance or on vested interests. The truth of the matter is that the Socialist view of life may be summed up in the words "Always humanity is in the process of becoming." For the first time in history the craftsman and the labourer are in control of political power. These masses of the population can also read, write, and reason. In Rome and Athens in days long ago, as in China, India, and Russia to-day, the masses were ignorant and superstitious. I may be told this was not true of the free

citizens of Rome and Athens, but it was true of the masses of propertyless workers on whose labours the more favoured ones lived. These Empires decayed slowly, and were finally despatched by the breaking in of a more vigorous, barbaric race. In our day, decay and ruin may come to us through sheer inability to use for the service of the community the terrific powers of production which the science and research of man have created. It must never be forgotten that in the past masses of the human race were wiped out by disease, others by starvation, because men knew not how to control health or the means of production. All this is changed. Men and women are more conscious to-day; they understand our problem is almost entirely one of distribution. There is no limit as yet to what we can produce. Our workers also know that more production and less consumption, which low wages mean, help to create the poverty which is all around us.

The British Labour Movement, recognising these facts and much more I have not space to indicate, believes that the present industrial system can be changed without any such breaking up of society as accompanied the decay and fall of Rome.

We propose to use constitutional, peaceful means to attain our ends. It is slower but surer than violence and bloodshed. We know that by the enactment of laws relating to public health and by Communal or Socialist action, the ravages of many diseases have been minimised. Those diseases we have not yet mastered are the result of the twin evils, riches and poverty. The most out and out individualist—such men as Mr. Pringle or Mr. Harold Cox—would never dream of giving back to the jerry-builder the power to build fever dens by providing homes with improper drains and sewers. As a boy, I was again and again taken to church to pray God to stay the plagues of cholera, smallpox, and typhoid which periodically destroyed thousands of human beings.

We might have kept on saying our prayers till this day. Good people might have gone on risking life and limb nursing the victims. All this would have availed nothing; in spite of prayers, love, and devotion the plagues would have persisted had our fathers failed to

understand that what was needed was a piece of Socialistic, preventive legislation which swept away dirty, filthy cisterns, and in their place put in a pure and fresh water supply for poorest and richest people alike in this great metropolis. The laws which compel us to be isolated when down with infectious disease are an interference with the sacred right of the individual which all agree with. Our fathers in these matters cared nothing for the sacred rights of property owners, because all classes, especially the rich, came to understand that when smallpox, diphtheria, and such-like diseases get going no respect is shown to one class more than another. Disease strikes indiscriminately irrespective of class.

The same Socialist principle was applied to the erection of houses. If medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors do their duty, it is not possible to erect houses with faulty, leaky drains, and where these are discovered in old houses, if the Health Committees do their duty, no matter how costly or inconvenient to the owner it may be, our laws demand the faults be immediately remedied. We in effect declare human health and life are more, much more, sacred than money or property.

Labour is determined to apply the same principles to industrial life. Just as in the past private enterprise failed to secure public health, and as a consequence Communal or Socialistic effort was called in to preserve the life of the people, and as the same principle has been applied to the provision of education, roads, streets, lighting, tramways, and a multitude of other social necessities and amenities of life, so to-day, when the captains of industry openly confess their inability to organise industry (which is the very job they tell us they exist to perform), we demand that the powers of the State shall be called in, and the needs of the nation supplied. During the war, when munitions or anything else were needed, vested interests were swept on one side. We demand that in our fight against poverty and destitution everything which blocks the way shall be removed. Therefore it is that, while we shall stand behind the new Labour Government in all the work it may strive to do in order to palliate and make more bearable the conditions of life around us, we shall at the same time agitate for big

schemes of nationalisation. Mines, railways, and land should long ago have been nationalised and organised for service. The controversies about the drink monopoly would be settled by a scheme which nationalised that monopoly just as we would any other by buying it and giving fair and equitable compensation, as now to the publican whose business may be taken away, and giving to local authorities power to set up clubs and meeting-places where women, children and men could meet for decent, wholesome recreation and enjoyment. In this our general view is national ownership of the traffic coupled with joint control by the people of each district.

We shall work together in order to secure that agriculture in Britain shall be restored and developed so that a big and stable home market may be established. We think the development of our natural resources is much more urgent and important a business than the development of Mesopotamia or the wilds of Central Africa. Our demand and policy is one of prevention. We hate and detest the system which dooms millions to exist on the pittance called "unemployment pay," or linger on a kind of death-in-life allowance from the Poor Law. We deny the right of any amongst us to live in luxury and ease while whole masses can barely exist. Nobody should have two houses while some people cannot even get rooms to live in. We think the spirit of social service which prevailed during the war should be resuscitated, and that all of us should be ashamed to indulge in the riot of luxury which abounds in so many circles. We think that if the nation could not afford foxhunting, game shooting, and such like enjoyments while engaged in fighting the Germans, we can much less afford these and many other luxuries in our struggle against poverty; so we shall literally and without compunction do our best to stop such expenditure by using the best constitutional means available to us.

One final word. Some Press writers have called attention to the fact that the "Red Flag" is the symbol of our faith, and symbolises our dependence on bloodshed and violence. No such thing. The "Red Flag" symbolises our faith that God and nature have made of one flesh all nations of the earth, and within our land it symbolises, not

class supremacy, but the abolition of class through the knitting together of all men and women in the bonds of common necessity, which will in turn bind us together in the great co-operative task of bringing the service of each to the service of all. This is the avowed, definite object which the Labour Movement hopes to accomplish.

There are also writers like Sir Sidney Low who in effect tell us that if we misbehave we may see our democratic institutions wiped out, and a Fascist dictatorship set up. All such talk is very mischievous. The British Constitution has proved elastic enough to enable the business classes to take power from the landed classes. The power of the Lords to hinder legislation was taken away by the vote of the three estates, Crown, Lords, and Commons. This was a revolution, and a peaceful one, transferring power from two Chambers to one, and all Labour asks is that the Constitution shall be left free to carry on the great work of reconstructing the social life of our people. We want no favours, only the same rights as other Parties have claimed and exercised. Those who talk of Fascisti are doing the greatest possible disservice to the future well-being of our land. The supreme test for our democratic institutions is upon us, and all who care for democracy should join us in maintaining the free play of those institutions of which our fathers were so proud.

Why Should not Germany Pay?

By André Chéradame

(*Author of "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked"*)

"I am not speaking hyperbolically when I say that M. Chéradame has literally done more than any other man in the world to make the Allied nations understand where the really vital danger from Germany lay."—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I.—Since the Armistice the movable wealth of the Germans has considerably increased, and a very large portion of it has emigrated abroad.

Those who, like myself, have been the first, in days of yore, to commend and encourage a cordial understanding between France and Great Britain, are deeply grieved at the increasing tension of Franco-British relations.

My friend, Mr. Wickham Steed (late editor of *The Times*), finding it to be accurate, often repeats this saying of mine, which I framed in order to state all at once the difficulty and the necessity of good relations between London and Paris—"Englishmen and Frenchmen are reciprocally incomprehensible and indispensable." And, for the sake of truth, it must be added that if these two nations do not understand each other, neither of them, unfortunately, makes any efforts to know better its neighbour.

I therefore take with great pleasure the opportunity afforded me by THE ENGLISH REVIEW to state the French case for Reparations, which, were it accepted as equitable in England, might put an end to much disagreement.

The problem concerns equally the consolidation of victory, the restoration of a lasting peace, and the friendly relations between Great Britain and France. It cannot be doubted that France estranges herself from England because she is more and more convinced that since the Armistice successive British Governments have been in sympathy with the untiring efforts of Germany to avoid Reparations.

This attitude appears to the French to be very unfair because we are confronted at the present moment with a

prodigiously abnormal situation. Germany, having lost the war, ought to pay; but she has succeeded in avoiding reparations, whilst her movable wealth, instead of diminishing, has considerably increased. This conviction is fully justified when one takes into account the following indisputable facts.

II.—In comparison with her opponents, Germany came out of the war with a fairly good financial balance.

Indeed, Germany conducted the war with less material expense than any other belligerent. She utilised an almost free manual labour picked up among three million prisoners of war and 46 million inhabitants of the invaded territories. Ammunitions and war material cost the Allies very much more than they cost the Germans, because the latter utilised the many mines of all kinds which they had seized. The Germans seized an immense booty in the 550,000 square kilometres of territory they occupied, and stole everywhere huge quantities of food supplies, raw material, and industrial stock and plant, only a very small portion of which has been returned. Germany has not issued any external loan, while the Allies, and France in particular, had to get everything from abroad at a very high price, and so they could not but incur exceedingly heavy debts. Finally, although Germany has had to give up some of her territory, she has been neither invaded nor devastated like France.

III.—The debasement of the mark has been an operation systematically carried out by the Pan-German leaders.

It is now conclusively proved that Helfferich, the German ex-Minister of Finance, was "the father of inflation." He deliberately followed that policy, as he declared soon after the Armistice that Germany would never pay anything because the mark would go to nought. It is certain that men like Stinnes and the other Pan-Germanist magnates not only opposed all measures which could have stopped the fall of the mark, but also engineered every possible operation to accelerate the debasement of the currency. These tactics, then, have been encouraged by the best German economists, who undoubtedly aimed at the following results: To depreciate the value of the mark so as to make it impossible for Germany to pay any reparations; to

procure for German trade large profits of foreign trade by dumping in foreign markets with depreciating currency, and hence to increase in dollars and pounds German deposits abroad; finally, to impoverish the workers and the middle class so as to hold them under the yoke of the Pan-Germanists, to divert them from a real democratic organisation, to make them believe that France is the cause of all the trouble, and so to educate them for a war of revenge.

IV.—The Pan-Germanist leaders "torpedoed" the mark, and at the same time substituted the dollar for it.

Though it is quite true that one portion of the German population suffers terribly from the evaporation of the mark, the other portion of it is not affected by this catastrophic collapse, because they have sold their marks and make use now of American dollars—the best currency backed by a gold reserve. A great number of Germans use dollars for their current transactions, and they obtained them mainly either through huge profits made on foreign trade, or through a shocking swindle—the selling of paper marks. This mystification, which has been going on since the Armistice, will most likely end in the official proclamation of a German dollar substituted for the mark and based on the gold represented by German credits abroad.

V.—The collapse of the mark has not prevented Germany from carrying out entirely her plans of material improvements and from developing her propaganda everywhere.

If the depreciation of the mark, which began in 1919, was not the result of a manœuvre, it would have caused the real exhaustion of Germany, which would obviously have been forced to strict economy and even to complete stagnation in her industry and trade. But it has not been so. The increasing depreciation of the mark has not prevented the completion of the vast plans which the Pan-Germanist leaders had drawn as early as the Armistice.

Germany has reorganised her industries on a more powerful basis than ever. She has set up again in Westphalia the factories she had to give up in Lorraine. Everywhere her plant and machinery have benefited by the latest improvements. New canals have been opened, railways have been electrified, and telephones have been

improved. The recovery of Hamburg and of the German mercantile marine are marvellous. The activity of Pan-Germanist associations is intense. At the end of 1923 it was declared at the annual meeting of the Foreign Institute of Germany, at Stuttgart, that there are 15,600 German associations abroad, 8,200 of which are connected with the Institute.

In nearly every country expensive German propaganda is more active than ever. All these facts prove that Germany is far from being overwhelmed and that, while she is officially proclaiming her distress, she is as much concerned as ever with her world activities.

VI.—Germany has so far paid such a small sum, in respect of reparations, that, in fact, France has received nothing.

Speaking at the Chambre des Députés (July 4, 1923) M. Louis Dubois, formerly President of the Commission of Reparations, declared, on the strength of official documents, that up to December 31, 1922, Germany had paid *all the Allies* in cash and in kind, in respect of reparations, a total sum of 2,417,000,000 gold marks, after deducting 392,000,000 gold marks advanced to Germany by the Allies according to the Conference of Spa, and the cost of the armies of occupation. Hence Germany, whose population is 60 million inhabitants, paid in four years (November, 1918-December, 1922) only about half the sum paid off by France, whose population did not exceed then 38 million inhabitants, in two years and a half after 1871.

As to France's share in the sums already paid by Germany, the figures were given by M. Dubois at the Chambre des Députés on May 22, 1923. Though France had received in cash, up to December 31, 1922, a sum of 143,649,000 gold marks, "she has, however, advanced to Germany 238,771,000 gold marks as her share under the Convention of Spa." Consequently, it is France who "paid Germany a sum of 95,122,000 gold marks in cash." Working out the balance of reparations in cash and in kind received from Germany, the expenses of France in fulfilling the Spa agreement, and in maintaining her armies of occupation, M. Dubois declared that "up to December 31, 1922, France had received nothing in respect of reparations." (See *Le Temps*, May 24, 1923.)

WHY SHOULD NOT GERMANY PAY?

VII.—Since the Armistice, the Germans, in selling paper marks, have accomplished a prodigious swindle which procured them much more gold than they paid in reparations.

Soon after the Armistice we heard of the selling of large sums of paper marks to allied and neutral subjects by Germans who had powerful connections amongst bankers. The real character of this operation is not yet known, but it obviously took the proportions of a "kolossal" swindle, the consequences of which have a considerable influence over the present situation. What has not been realised yet is the weight of that influence and also the fact that the sale of paper marks, which cost Germany only the trouble to make them, was intended to be one of the principal means devised by the Pan-Germanist leaders to change their defeat into victory.

The *Daily Mail* of February 17, 1923, disclosed the developments of a frantic speculation in German marks in England which caused great losses to the British buyers. And it stated that many business men were of opinion that the Germans succeeded in selling about £600 millions of paper marks. During my visit to London at the beginning of 1923, that figure was given to me, in the City, as being quite reliable. But £600 millions at the average exchange of 80 francs in 1923 represent 48 milliard paper francs. And as the average price of a dollar, in 1923, was 16 francs, a gold mark, which is equal to one-fourth of a dollar, was then worth 4 paper francs. Consequently, the 48 milliard paper francs, resulting from the swindle sale of paper marks, had procured Germany 12 milliard gold marks.

I have already said that up to December 31, 1922, Germany has paid the Allies the total sum of 2,417 million gold marks. *It is therefore undeniable that through the swindle of paper marks representing a value of 12 milliard gold marks, Germany has received, since the Armistice, 9,583 millions more than she paid to the Allies in respect of reparations. The difference has thus produced a considerable increase of German movable capital, because the 9,583 million gold marks have a substantial value, as they are represented by pounds sterling and dollars deposited in foreign banks.*

VIII.—Up to the middle of 1923 Germany has made considerable profits on her foreign trade.

The explanation of this statement is quite simple. Since the beginning of the depreciation of the mark German industrialists have run their factories by paying their workmen in paper marks and selling their manufactured articles abroad in dollars, pounds sterling, florins, Swiss francs, etc. In that way they made huge profits on account of the exchange until the middle of 1923. Then the mark was so much depreciated that the condition of workmen became very hard and their salaries had to be raised. The collapse of the mark caused a severe slump in foreign trade. But the profits already made still remained and were added to the German credits abroad.

German official statistics do not show that prosperity of German foreign trade, because they are faked.

Herr Horten, a well-known economist of the German Catholic Centre, acknowledged that the amount of German exports is not faithfully given, because the exports of the Reich, instead of being deficient, exceed by far the imports.

"The main blemish," he said, "of German statistics is that they are drawn up according to the declarations of the interested parties, who undervalue their goods in order to pay a smaller export tax and keep outside their country a portion of the foreign currency they receive in payment." (*Le Matin*, June 22, 1923.)

Moreover, it is of great importance to point out that since the Armistice the commercial activity of Germany has been greater than that of Great Britain. The German industrialists pay their workmen with paper marks and sell their articles all over the world in dollars and pounds sterling. It is not surprising, then, that the net profits of German trade, during the past four years, have been very large and exceeded by far those of Great Britain.

IX.—The Germans have exported all they could of their movable capital.

The gold reserve of the Reich Bank has been deposited in England and America, under various pretexts. A great number of individuals and German firms have moved their stocks and securities abroad. And it is now a well-known fact that large amounts of German capital are deposited in foreign and neutral banks.

In Rotterdam alone fifteen big German banks have been established since the Armistice, their principal function being to manage and invest German capital exported from Germany. A Dutch banker was of opinion that 20 milliard gold marks at least have passed through Amsterdam since the Armistice. (*Le Matin*, November 8, 1923.)

The number of German banks established in Holland and the amount of capital involved prove both the vitality of the trade and industry of the Reich and the volume of German capital exported. When one has grasped the meaning of these German "safes" installed in Amsterdam as well as in Switzerland, in South America, in New York, in London, etc., one cannot reasonably underrate the amount of German capital deposited in safety abroad.

X.—Germany possesses large credits abroad.

German credits abroad come from the three sources:—

(1) The proceeds of the sale of paper marks to allied and neutral subjects.

(2) Foreign trade profits, kept abroad, which have been continually increasing up to the collapse of the mark, *i.e.*, towards the middle of 1923.

(3) The sum total of the money and securities exported from Germany and safely deposited abroad.

It is difficult to realise exactly the importance of each one, and particularly of the last two, of these sources of German credits without an international enquiry conducted on the lines of a free investigation. Nevertheless, by making some observations and deductions, one should obtain interesting estimates, though inevitably on this side of the truth. We might therefore propose the following as a minimum:

The *New York Herald* states: "Some people assert that the sum total of German credits in the United States is not less than 1 milliard dollars." (*Le Temps*, December 23, 1923.)

On June 2, 1923, the *Morning Post* published an extract from a survey of the German situation by Mr. C. W. Barron, editor of the *Wall Street Journal*. I attach a great value to that document, because I knew personally Mr. Barron in New York; I know him to to be a very competent financial writer, and his enquiries

are carried out quite fairly with the help of excellent connections. I consider that document to be the most accurate and penetrating explanation of the reason why the Pan-Germanist leaders have debased the mark knowing that a large portion of the German population would suffer cruelly through the depreciation of the currency. After his visit to Europe, in 1923, Mr. Barron wrote :—

"If you want the financial position of Germany, don't go to Berlin or Frankfurt. Visit the countries round about her and then sit down with friends in the international banking field, and then you may learn that Germany has more gold and credits outside her own country than the whole of Germany is selling to-day.

"A German American banker I have known for many years declared to me: 'I have heard from all my friends in Germany. They have all liquidated into foreign currencies and are doing very well. Indeed, throughout Germany the rich are getting richer, and the poor poorer. All the banks have their money outside the country.'

"An American man of finance, one of great wealth and more ocean crossings than any other banker, declared: 'The President of the Bank of Berlin, which you know is almost as big as the Deutsche Bank, said to me: "Our entire capital surplus is in South America. All we have here is our building. They cannot take that from us. The rest is mere debit to depositors and credit to borrowers, all in paper marks."'

"And this was what was said by the head of one of the best-informed international banking houses in the world: 'You may not believe it, but Germany is the most prosperous country in the world to-day, not excepting your own blessed United States. Germany has practically no debt. She is making big money, paying practically nothing to her labourers, and holding enormous balances in gold outside.' We estimated some few years ago these outside balances at £600 millions. We believe now that Germany has £1,000 millions outside the country. The rich men, the industrialists, the capitalists, and the bankers are making money all the time. The labouring classes are well cared for. Their wages rise as the mark falls. But

the middle classes, or the so-called intellectuals, have been crucified, and the ruling Germans do not care whether they perish of starvation or not. As they are not hard workers or fighters, the Germans regard them as already out of the race, and their death is no loss to the country."

Let us try now to sum up the economic situation of Germany. It is essential to state clearly an all-important fact. Those Germans who have been ruined as a consequence of the debasement of the mark do not suffer because Germany is impoverished, but rather on account of the flight of German capital abroad, followed by the artificial depreciation of the mark.

The collapse of the mark is decisive and hits mortally the German currency, *i.e.*, a conventional paper symbol; but it does not touch the material wealth of Germany. Besides, it has had this beneficial result, that the public debt of the Reich, calculated in marks, has vanished with the currency, so that Germany is now the only great European State with a very small debt. Behind the camouflage of a voluntary insolvency Germany shows all the signs of an immense prosperity.

Many other unmistakable indications confirm this opinion, because they also prove that the movable wealth of Germany is greater than ever. With baffling ease, Germans purchase huge stocks of British coal and pay in sterling pounds; they are the best buyers at the big fur sales in London; they never hesitate in purchasing in Holland or elsewhere works of art which are refused by representatives of the Louvre or the museums of Great Britain for want of adequate credits; they buy from the United States the largest quantities of copper and cotton, paying for them in dollars, much to the surprise of the Americans, who ignore the transactions of Germanophil banks. In September, 1923, during the supposed financial distress that followed the collapse of the mark, Germany was able to find 90 million dollars for the purchase of copper and cotton; yet a dollar was worth then 5 milliard marks in New York. These facts and figures are enough to unmask the deception.

Again, what proves that Germany is really wealthy is that the strictest British and American banks have already lent secretly to Germans, and are ready to do so again,

while they would refuse to lend to France. This proves that the lenders know Germany to be rich—"on ne prête qu'aux riches," says a French proverb.

Germany could pay to-day what she owes to the Allies, because she is now richer than she was four years ago.

We can estimate as a probable minimum for the whole of the German deposits abroad the figures given by Mr. Barron, *i.e.*, 1 milliard sterling pounds, or 20 milliard gold marks. This estimate is quite reasonable, as it includes the 12 milliard gold marks derived from the swindle sale of paper marks. Besides, as we have already said, a Dutch banker declared to the *Matin* of Paris that 20 milliard gold marks passed from Germany to Holland through Amsterdam alone. This figure of 20 milliard gold marks is therefore probably much smaller than the actual amount of German credits abroad.

It follows that Germany could pay immediately in respect of reparations some 20 milliard gold marks which, it can be safely supposed, are deposited abroad. In all fairness she ought the more to make this payment, because the greatest part of the wealth she has accumulated in that way proceeds from an operation fraudulently perpetrated to swindle Germany's creditors.

In view of the magnitude of German credits abroad, France refuses to consider as plain dealing the representation that Germany is too poor to pay even a small portion of the damage she has done. Indeed, Germany has more gold than ever, the greater part of which is outside the country; but the gold is there, and this fact is stronger than any arguments.

In conclusion, I should like to say that the British nation has as much interest as France to see that Germany pays; otherwise British trade will be gradually overtaken and annihilated by German trade, which grows every day stronger and stronger. As Great Britain is bound to import foodstuffs for her existence, she surely needs all the profits she should realise from her foreign trade.

The Diary Habit

By Sir Chartres Biron

THE diary habit is certainly spreading. Everyone does it now, from ex-Premiers to bath-chair men. Even convicts take a hand. A supply always creates a demand, and that the demand should be so comprehensive must have some explanation. While vanity explains the writing, how can one account for the readers? That they are there, eagerly expectant and hungry for more, is obvious. There is no bore like a man who talks about himself. Why should he cease to be a bore when he writes about the same theme? The only explanation I can suggest is that it is due to a widespread revolt of the reading public against the "Dignity of History." In some very interesting letters to John Stuart Mill, recently published, Carlyle writes:—

> The dignity of history has buckramed up poor history into a dead mummy. There are a thousand purposes which history should serve beyond "teaching by experience." It is an address (literally out of heaven, for did not God order it all?) to our whole inner man; to every faculty of Head and Heart from the deepest to the slightest, there is no end to its purposes. Now for all such purposes . . . the first indispensable condition of conditions is that we should see this thing transacted and picture them out wholly as if they stood before our eyes—and this, alas! of all considerations is the one that "dignity of history" least thinks of.

Mr. Thackeray when he was writing *The Virginians* went to the librarian of the British Museum to seek material for his study of General Wolfe.

"I don't want," he said, "volumes about his campaigns. I want something that will tell us whether he wore red breeches or not."

That is really what we all want, if we were honest enough to admit it, and this is what the diarist gives us. It makes us see "the thing transacted and pictured wholly as if it stood before our eyes." The dignity of history tells us Pitt's last words were, "My country, oh, my country." The diarist reveals "I think I could fancy one of Bellamy's pork pies" was what was actually said.

That the French Guard dies, but does not surrender, is

a national tradition of France, but the answer, if equally heroic, was terser and more adapted to the exigencies of the moment. To fallen human nature the realities of history are always more interesting than its mythology. Still, speaking broadly, diaries should be more than personal. We soon get tired of the morbid failures and the duller records of dull lives. Doctor Rutty, the Irish doctor whose diary so entertained Doctor Johnson, amuses us still by telling us:

"I feasted pretty moderately, but with this notable difference in solitary and *social* eating, that in the last I eat more like a swine." Also: "A little of the beast in drinking," and "a little incubus last night on too much spinage," but that is all. Every diary must be personal, but the interest of a personality is soon exhausted unless we see through it the outside world reflected.

It is the diaries of men who are either in the world or of it that really matter. The supreme example is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which, though the greatest of biographies, is also the most interesting of diaries, and puts us on terms of intimate acquaintance with most of the well-known figures of the time.

So Greville lets us behind the scenes of the political stage, following the entertaining Creevy, and one can only feel what wonderful books both would have been if they could have been saved from the devastating discretion of the respective editors.

The rare charm of Pepys' diary is, it combines the best of both worlds. Fascinating from its intimacy and authoritative from its historical value. Diaries are like the notes with which witnesses sometimes endeavour to bolster up a bald and otherwise unconvincing narrative—unless made at the time, they are inadmissible. The diary was written every day, and has one unique quality—it was written in cypher, so he could not only be indiscreet but sincere.

Rousseau and Marie Bashkirtseff are indiscreet, but they were written to be read, and the revelations too often cease to attract from the obvious insincerity of the pose. It may be doubted whether Pepys ever had any definite idea of giving his to the world.

How little the world knows of its greatest benefactors. How many know the names of the man to whom we owe so

much? It was not the least illustrious representative of a great name, the Reverend John Smith, who devoted twelve hours a day (excluding Sundays) to unravelling the cypher.

It is a remarkable coincidence that at the same time a very different man was writing a diary, equally immortal but essentially different. There was no rivalry between the stately record of Evelyn and the more intimate revelations of Pepys. Evelyn is interesting, in some ways more interesting, but is never scandalous. In peaceful Wotton there were no secret chambers. Though not so voluminous, Evelyn's record covers a much longer period. from 1624-1706. Pepys left off after nine delectable years, and, unfortunately, just at a moment when he had established his reputation by his brilliant speech in defence of the Navy Board before the House of Commons and the future seems full of promise.

No two men could have been less alike—Evelyn, one of the great gentlemen of all time. Disraeli describes him admirably in his best novel. Cardinal Grandison says to Lothair, "Mr. Evelyn had a most accomplished mind; indeed, a character in every respect which approached perfection. He was also a very religious man"—a delightful Dizzy touch.

Pepys, the complete bourgeois, with all the good qualities, so numerous, and most of the faults so venial, of that admirable type. Both were successful, but Evelyn began at the top of the ladder and sat on it, while Pepys had to climb its slippery rungs. Yet oddly enough had their positions been reversed it may be doubted whether either would have done so well. One can hardly picture the fastidious gentleman elbowing his way through the mob, while his friend's failings were precisely those which might have made him only one more ornament of a dissolute if agreeable Court. When Evelyn, walking through St. James's Park with Charles II., "both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between the King and 'Mrs. Nellie,' as they call an impudent comedian as she looked out of her garden at the top of the wall." He writes: "I was heartily sorry at the scene," but one cannot help thinking that Pepys' only regret would have been that he was not in his Royal master's shoes. That the two should

have been such great friends was enormously to the credit of them both.

Yet Evelyn could unbend at times. After the news of Lord Sandwich's victory over the Dutch at sea, Pepys tells us, on hearing of it, "This news did so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there . . . I to Capt. Cooke's," where among others he finds Evelyn.

"The receipt of this news did give us all into such ecstasy of joy that it inspired to Sir J. Minns and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company was."

Evelyn tells us he repeated "some verses made up from nothing but the various acceptations of may and can, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature and so fast did make us all die almost with laughing."

One of the earliest notices of Pepys in Evelyn's diary shows the terms on which they were. Under the date June 10th, 1669, occurs this passage:

"I went this evening to London to carry Mr. Pepys to my brother Richard, now exceedingly afflicted with the stone, who had been successfully cut, and carried the stone as big as a 'tennis ball' to show him and encourage his resolution to go through the operation." Oddly enough, this did not reassure the patient, who would not face it, and "when later on he at last consented and it came to ye operation and all things prepared, his spirit and resolution failed," and so poor Richard died. And Evelyn tells us, apparently with some disappointment, "the stone was no bigger than a nutmeg."

What Evelyn thought of Pepys we read later on. "This day dined with me Dr. Christopher Wren and Mr. Pepys," the Clerk of the Acts. "Two extraordinary ingenious and knowing persons. I carried them to see the piece of carving which I had recommended to the King." This was the work of Grinling Gibbons, whom Evelyn had discovered at Deptford. Charles, with the good taste of a Stuart, would have bought it, but "a French peddling woman, Madame de Boord," who used to sell petticoats to the Queen, found fault with a work, which, as Evelyn explains, she understood "no more than an asse

or a monkey," and the poor artist missed for the moment his market. The carving represented the stoning of St. Stephen, and may be seen by the curious in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In 1676 Evelyn takes a barge to Trinity House in London, where Mr. Pepys has just been promoted as Master to support him, and the affectionate regard he had for Pepys is shown by the letter written by Evelyn in 1681 after Pepys had been nearly drowned in a shipwreck with the Duke of York.

Shortly after Pepys had been elected a Member for Harwich with Sir Anthony Deane, he was accused, probably in consequence of his friendship with the Duke of York, with connection with the alleged Popish plot and cast into the Tower. It was even suggested that he had betrayed secrets of the Navy to the French. The charge collapsed owing to the failure of its chief instigator, the infamous Colonel Scott, to stand by his original statements. But while Pepys was under suspicion, we read:

"I dined with Mr. Pepys in the Tower, he having been committed by the House of Commons for misdemeanours in the Admiralty when he was Secretary. I believe he was unjustly charged." And later on Evelyn sends him a piece of venison and goes to the Tower again to help him eat it. It was a long and complicated story, Scott even went so far as to accuse Pepys' clerk of murder, who was, however, acquitted. A Mr. Harbord was also an enemy, who had been M.P. for Thetford for many years, and was a member of the Privy Council, Vice-Treasurer for Ireland, and after Ambassador for Turkey.

He bribed Pepys' servant to say he had changed his religion. That in those days was a conclusive proof of any allegation, and the calumnies had their effect. Pepys lost his position as Secretary to the Admiralty. We read: "Pepys, undaunted, went to Windsor, where he met the Lord Chamberlain, but was told that it was astonishing he should come to Court before he had cleared himself from treason." Even kindly Charles II. "frowned and turned aside, showing his dislike of seeing him there," but Evelyn's confidence in his friend was justified. Pepys was reinstated in 1684, and also elected President of the Royal Society.

And on July 20th, 1685, Evelyn was in his company in more cheerful surroundings.

"The Trinity Company met this day. . . . Mr. Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty, was a second time chosen Master. There were present: The Duke of Grafton, Lord Dartmouth, Master of ye Ordinance, the Commissioners of ye Navy, and Brethren of the Corporation." And in October they dine at Pepys' house in order to hear a great secret, which was the statement by James in answer to Pepys' somewhat indiscreet question, that Charles had lived and died a Roman Catholic, and showed Pepys two papers in which he had set out his reasons under his own hand.

His triumph was complete. He was returned for Harwich and Sandwich, and James II., just before the end, was sitting for a portrait by Kneller to be given to his faithful supporter. Then William III. and the east wind drove the Stuarts from England for ever, and Pepys' official life was closed, and with a loyalty unusual in public life, as Evelyn reminds us.

"When King James II. went out of England he laid down his office and would serve no more, but drawing himself from all public affairs he lived at Clapham in a very noble house and sweet place where ('we are glad to hear') he enjoyed the fruits of his labour in great prosperity." A house decorated by a picture by Kneller of his friend—of which he writes to Evelyn:—

"Besides no other reason, I had founded upon gratitude, affection and esteem to court that in effigy, which I most truly value in the original, I had the one more," as he explains that "of all those whose memory he wishes to perpetuate, Evelyn's meant most to him."

It was Pepys' agreeable fancy to place in his house portraits of his personal friends with whom he had been brought in contact in the course of his public life—an example which was followed very likely in unconscious imitation by that kindly figure of nineteenth century politics, Mr. W. H. Smith. One hopes they helped "to enjoy the fruits of his labour." No one ever deserved his relaxation more, and not the less because his life serves to remind us how much the State owes to the great bourgeois class, of which he was the ultimate expression.

The sterile prigs who sneer at the type should remember what a fine end was his. Dr. Heber, who read the burial service, writes:

"The greatness of his behaviour in his long and sharp trial before his death, was in every respect answerable to his great life: and I believe no man ever went out of this world with a greater contempt of it, or a more lively faith in everything that was revealed of the world to come."

Evelyn's tribute to his memory is his gracious farewell to their long friendship.

"He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. . . . Mr. Pepys has been for near 40 years so much my particular friend, but Mr. Jackson (his nephew) sent me compleat mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies, but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office." Indeed, at 84 it was a wish hardly to be realised.

So died the great diarist whose fame as a man rests perhaps less on his own cryptic confessional than the generous tribute of his gracious contemporary.

Dust of the Course

By S. H. Woolf

ASSUREDLY I must have incurred his displeasure. He had ceased to smile on me and, judging from signs, was in his blackest mood. Perhaps I should have cultivated his favour more assiduously than I had done of late; patron saints need as much wooing as theatrical stars, and I frankly admit I had been remiss. This, added to the somewhat airy indolence which I usually display towards the dry facts, and wearisome details of business matters, was responsible for the first blow, which had arrived the previous day in the shape of a letter from my solicitors. They informed me that owing to various omissions and commissions on my part the mortgage on my country property in England had been foreclosed and I was no longer a landowner. Reading between the lines of their formal pedantic phraseology, I could not but note their disapproval of me in particular and my affairs in general.

Hard on the heels of this winning document had burst the second bombshell that very morning, launched by a dainty feminine hand. The writer, who was considerably more outspoken than my worthy legal advisers, had mysteriously changed her mind and refused definitely to share my name and my future fortunes, such as they were. Of course, it may have been the merest coincidence, but I was rather struck by the precipitance with which this missive had chased the other across Europe to reach their joint destination on my *petit déjeuner* tray. Ah, well, it never rains but it pours! Whilst I was shaving I felt rather sorry for myself, or, to be more truthful, for those who misjudged me so harshly. After my bath this had yielded to the gentle resignation of injured innocence, so that by the time I was putting the finishing touches to my toilet in front of the mirror I had already, acting on the advice of the bard of Stratford, begun to make a virtue of necessity.

As I strolled down the sunny, bustling street, and my friend the Turkish gendarme on point duty at the corner

wished me a respectful good-morning, I told myself as consolation that here, at any rate, I was not misunderstood even though, like the prophet, I had no honour in my own country. And then England was so far away that visions of the smudgy-windowed, glass-screened office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the prim neatness of the house in Kent and its close-mown lawns and spruce rose-bushes, were very unsubstantial in untidy, picturesque Constantinople.

Moreover, despite these recent crashes to earth, my mind was otherwise occupied in more metaphysical spheres. Have you ever had the feeling—nay, rather, the certainty—that you have had a previous existence? A whiff of perfume, a colour, a strain of music, the setting of a landscape, any of these may recall to you a dim memory from the forgotten past. Your instinct tells you in a vague, inarticulate fashion that there is some connection between you and such impressions, even though your mortal body has no knowledge of them. Ever since my arrival in Constantinople I had been obsessed by a conviction that at some remote period of history I had played a part in its brilliant, dazzling stage. I am no believer in the table-tapping occultism of this decade, nor do I suffer from what dwellers in Parnassus term a "temperament"; in fact, I'm singularly free from any mystic tendency, and my worst detractors will admit that, whatever my shortcomings, I'm a perfectly normal human being. So this present phase was all the more unaccountable. But, though I delved into as many chronicles and memoirs as my bookseller could provide me with, and though I roamed Stambul in a thousand directions, seeking for something that my subconscious sense might recall, I had to confess to failure. The buried past would not yield its secret for all my groping.

After lunch I drove to Makri Keui, where on the rolling plains that border the Sea of Marmora I exercised a couple of horses that I intended to enter in the coming races. This hobby of mine had been cast into my teeth to the point of nausea by my critical relatives, and had even been cited as one of the main causes of my embarrassments. Though I suppose if I had been fortunate enough to have carried my victorious colours down the straight on

a Tetrarch or a Minoru even my grim-jawed aunts and uncles might have found something to put to the credit side of their scapegrace nephew. But this was an ambition still to be realised.

On the return journey from Makri Keui I let the car go back to the hotel whilst I strolled alone through the trim geranium beds and privet hedges of the gardens that had once been the Hippodrome. I paused before the Egyptian obelisk with its bas-reliefs of the Emperor Theodosius and the Imperial family watching the games, and as I amused myself spelling out the Greek and Latin inscriptions I noticed for the first time that at one angle of the pedestal a great chip had been taken out of the marble, and it was no recent scar, for its edges were worn smooth and green by the corrosion of many seasons' rain and storm. I came to rest on a seat within a stone's throw of the Serpent Column and began to smoke. It was very peaceful here in the warm evening sunshine. A few children played about on the grass and a couple of old Turks drowsed on a bench lower down. On my right the massive dome of St. Sophia reared itself high above the trees in the avenue, and the six minarets of the Mosque of Ahmed tapered up into the cloudless sky. I stretched out my legs contentedly; even red-taped deed files and broken troths failed to ruffle my tranquillity. As usual, my thoughts turned to the baffling riddle that still escaped my persistence. I pushed my hat over my forehead to aid concentration. A bee flew round and round me, droning sonorously.

Then a miracle happened. The grass-plots and the gravel-paths and the buildings around floated giddily before my eyes, reeling and twisting in grotesque deformity, as if viewed through a distorted mirror, before they blurred into vacancy. The buzzing of the bee in my ears swelled to a deep thunderous roar like angry breakers on a shingle beach. A lilac-tinted light diffused itself over everything. I seemed to be on a much lower level, for there was no sign of St. Sophia or the trees and minarets. Only the obelisk and the Serpent Column and the Colossus were as before, except that the latter was covered with bronze shields, and from the mutilated Serpent Column three fierce fanged heads reared themselves from amid the glittering coils at the base. I perceived that I

was on the slope of a concave, oval basin which gradually resolved itself into an enormous amphitheatre. Tier upon tier of marble seats towered upwards on every side, encircling an arena sprinkled with yellow sand. Every seat was occupied; coloured banners fluttered above a vast sea of faces like poppies in a field of corn agitated by a gust of wind. I rose to my feet blinking and bewildered, and in a flash I regained my confidence; and, as the whole scene became familiar to me, I took up the threads of my action as if no gulf of centuries had intervened. Without any racking of memory I knew who I was and why I was here. I was wearing a white linen tunic that reached to my knees, a gold-linked belt girdled my waist, and my legs were sheathed in red leather buskins.

I lounged nonchalantly through the tightly packed rows of spectators, indifferent to the admiring glances cast at me and the servile whispers that followed my retreating footsteps. For I, Licinius Strado, in the full flush of arrogant youth, was neither an unknown nor, I trust, an ill-favoured figure at that time. Many a knave I sent sprawling amongst his fellows with a hearty buffet and a sound rating for obstructing his better's path. The purple velaria stretched across the Hippodrome, though they excluded the rays of the sun, also shut out the fresh air. A babel of chatter surrounded me, and, mingled with Latin and Greek, the guttural cacophonies of the barbarous North and icebound Scythia, and the deserts of Nubia and Parthia, split the ear-drums. A smell of hot dust and garlic and the exhalation of sweating humanity hung heavily on the close atmosphere.

In the stand reserved for the patricians I found Lesbia and her hawk-nosed, bald-pated father, Caius Murillus, who wished me a curt "Salve" in his lack-lustre croak. Lesbia's filial piety must have cracked at the strain of having to endure her father's sour company on such a sultry afternoon—for the wealth of Asia I wouldn't have gone through such an ordeal. But, as I hoped to make him my father-in-law very shortly, I saluted him respectfully enough. Lesbia turned her pretty little head and black eyes on me so impetuously that her braided sugar-loaf of chestnut hair caught her father a sharp smack in the face and one of the silver pins scratched his nose,

whereat he growled an oath, and I had much ado to compose my features. She and I leaned forward, resting our elbows on the parapet, while Murillus diverted himself by quizzing the crowd through a crystal.

"By St. Athanasius, how I stifle," she remarked, fanning herself with an ostrich plume and sniffing at an agate phial of perfume. "And it is on thy account that I suffer all this heat and discomfort. Well, which shall be my part this day, to reward thy prowess, or bewail thy defeat? Wilt beat the Greek, thinkest thou?"

"Never fear," I boasted. "If the gods but grant my hand the cunning of Mercury and my steeds his winged fleetness, thou shalt call me husband ere the month be much older."

"Thou pagan," she laughed, "but 'tis the fashion nowadays, so I forgive thee. Know, sir, that each time thou roundest the bend by the Colossus I'll throw thee a kiss—for though the Greek indeed be very rich, yet he has not thy comely figure, my Apollo." And her eyes travelled over me appraisingly.

I flattered myself that with Lesbia, at any rate, I was the favoured suitor, though I doubt not that old Murillus would have preferred Memnon, the wealthy Greek, as his daughter's husband. Still we both had an even chance ever since Murillus in a prankish humour had challenged us to determine our fortune once and for all in a chariot race, for which Lesbia should be the stake. Of course, the rumour of this affair had spread like wildfire throughout the city and, from highest to lowest, every stratum of society had its representatives here to witness the event.

The interval between the games was at an end. A trumpet blared a fanfare, and above the Imperial podium, where the Emperor and Empress sat guarded by the long spears of stalwart Gothic soldiers wearing gold collars, the mandator waved his hand for attention. The babel died down to a desultory murmur, and when the last chattering tongue had been silenced, the mandator announced with the full force of his lungs:—

"Citizens of Constantinople, under the auspices of the illustrious Julian, Pontifex and Imperator, the next contest will be a four-horsed chariot race between Licinius Strado, the patrician, of the Blue Faction, and Memnon, the

Greek, of the Reds. The prize to be the hand of the fair lady Lesbia, daughter of Caius Murillus. Strado and Memnon, prepare yourselves."

Lesbia touched me lightly on the brow for good luck, and ere the applause had ceased I had torn myself from her side and was running down the back corridor to the *bestiaria* beneath the auditorium.

The horses were already harnessed into the chariot. As I called them by name, Pelagos and Nika, the two blacks, and Eros and Thisbe, the two whites, they thrust their soft muzzles out towards me and nosed me affectionately.

"My beauties," I whispered to them, "only bear me to victory and you shall pass the rest of your days in slothful ease after such a feast of tawny Thracian grain and crisp, red carrots as you shall never forget."

They understood, I think, for they tossed their heads proudly and flourished their flowing tails.

From above came a confused hubbub of yells and bursts of laughter, of wagers being offered and accepted.

"A thousand drachmae against the Roman?"

"Taken, thou puny grocer, but let not thy wife learn thy rashness, or, per Baccho, she'll trounce thee round thy shop till thou'lt cry for mercy. Nay, more, I'll double the stake."

"The Blues for ever!—a Red, a Red, who'll lay me 5,000 against the Corinthian?"

My attendants rubbed oil into my wrists to make the tendons supple, and drew on thin leather gauntlets over my hands. Then they tied a blue sash over my shoulder and blue ribbons to the horses' manes. A second trumpet rang out. The chariots were led into the arena. Memnon, wearing the red colours, inclined his head slightly as he passed me, a crafty smile on his swarthy, sneering face.

We cast lots for the choice of places. I drew the inner side, nearest the barrier; Memnon the outer.

We mounted to our platforms and took up the reins, whilst the teams champed their bits and pawed the ground in their eagerness. I refused a whip; they needed no such incitement, they had been trained to obey my voice alone. Though a hundred thousand pairs of eyes were fixed upon us I was quite calm, only a little restless, like my four

comrades, to be off. The umpire gave us our final instructions. Glancing upwards I could make out Lesbia, a tiny speck, far, far above the arena. The starter's white napkin fluttered slowly to the ground and the race had begun.

Twelve times we had to circle the spina, and keeping this in mind we both pursued the same tactics. So it was that we both kept our teams in hand, not dissipating their strength prematurely, but saving their wind for the final trial. Though the pace was rapid enough it was nothing to what the beasts were capable of. Now Memnon would pass me, now I would pass him, but for the most part we galloped almost abreast. I held my reins tightly, never giving them their heads an inch, though my arms were nearly dragged from their sockets with the strain. Clouds of dust rose from the arena, obscuring the spectators from view. Above the din and rattle of our chariots I heard shouts of encouragement from the rival factions.

I counted each lap carefully. For the eighth time we turned the corner by the Colossus and already the eagled standards had been erected on either side of the spina to mark the winning-post. Then, as if by mutual consent, the real test started.

I slackened my reins and the traces stretched taut as a wire. Softly I whistled to my beauties, and they responded right willingly, their necks straightened out and their nostrils distended. Now the pace was terrific; the thunder of wheels drowned the yells of the multitude. The foam from my beasts' steaming flanks bespattered my face; the dust that had become a solid pall filled my mouth, choking me. Since I could scarce see an arm's length in front of me, instinct alone guided me round the bends. But I had a wild exhilaration in my heart, as if I were soaring on the wings of the morning. I could hear my rival's shrill curses and the sharp cracking of his whip, though he and his chariot were but a vague blue out of the tail of my eye. Nine, ten; only two more laps to be completed, and so far neither of us had gained the least tittle of advantage. Then as we came up the length of the spina for the last time but one, Memnon showed himself in his true colours for the vile spawn of the Corinthian cloacas that he was. He had been drawing nearer and nearer to me, and when

at last I perceived him he paid no heed to my frantic yells to keep his distance. I felt the hot breath of his horses on my back. I was being driven ever closer to the barrier; if I could not slip ahead, there would be disaster. I chirruped desperately to my team, but, to my anxious imagination, it seemed that their speed was slackening. The treacherous cur, knowing full well how they loathed the lash, leant out of his chariot and curled his whip about their backs. His near side hub locked in my off wheel; still the maddened horses never checked. The obelisk's mass loomed dimly ahead. In an agony of impotence I awaited a mangled death beneath the plunging horses and wheels. There was a sickening crash; Memnon overturned and I heard his shriek as he bit the dust. But the gods came to my aid at that moment, for, with a tearing crunch of woodwork my chariot lurched away from the granite pedestal and in a daze I dashed past the eagles, victorious.

I will pass swiftly over what followed. You are to imagine me a popular hero with the ephemeral mob. The Blues went wild with enthusiasm and would have lifted me shoulder-high and elected me their leader on the spot. But after the Emperor's own gracious hand had crowned me with the laurel wreath, and he and the Empress had deigned to congratulate me, I repaired in all haste to Lesbia's side. Murillus smiled dourly on me and invited me to dinner. And Lesbia—why, you must just guess what she whispered to me that so set my pulses a-throbbing!

The mandator meanwhile had announced that the games were at an end, and we left the Hippodrome amid the swarming populace that issued from every exit. Outside I well remember the glory that the sinking sun poured over the majestic palace of the Augusteum, over the colonnades and statues of the Forum and the Baths of Xeuxippus, over the burnished blue water and the hills of Chalcedon in the background.

But alas for my fond expectations and my poor little triumph, so short-lived; they were not worth a fig!

Behind us sounded gruff commands of "Way, way, make way there!" The crowd parted right and left to disclose an officer and a squad of armed legionaries marching towards us.

"Licinius Strado," called the officer, halting his party.

"Here I am. What do you want of me?"

"At the instance of the Praetor of the 1st Region I am to apprehend your person and your property on a charge of debt."

I burnt with shame and anger. A ring of gaping citizens surrounded us; Lesbia and her father moved aside from the group of which I was the centre and stared at me coldly. Behind the officer stood a litter on which lay a form bandaged from head to foot like a mummy; from between the swathes one eye leered at me malevolently. Memnon's handiwork this, and I had believed the dog to have been crushed to pulp in the Circus!

Then above the tittering and muttering of the onlookers rose Lesbia's voice, clear and hard as if she addressed a stranger.

"When you have served your sentence you need not come to me, sir, with the reek of the debtor's jail fresh upon you."

A wave of bitterness surged over me. The officer placed his hand upon my shoulder and I raised my eyes. The old Turkish conservator of the gardens was stooping over me.

"It is late, *effendi*, I am locking the gates."

The place was deserted; long shadows had crept over the grass and up the smooth porphyry of the obelisk.

My wrists and arm muscles ached intolerably, though I recollected that my racers at Makri Keui had been as sensitive as ever to the bit.

I walked back towards St. Sophia, to all outward appearance the same man that I had been an hour before. But now that one corner of the veil had been lifted I knew that I could never rest until the whole picture in all its light and shade, glamour and crudity, was revealed.

The Battle of Jutland*

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

By the death of Sir Julian Corbett we have lost an accomplished writer, whose earlier works, *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, *The Successors of Drake*, and *England in the Mediterranean*, are valuable contributions to naval history. Although, as the present Board of Admiralty have stated, it is not possible to accept all his conclusions or to follow his reasoning with regard to some of the operations of the Great War, he has handled a huge mass of material with conspicuous ability. He died in literary harness, having just completed his most important volume, covering the period from the accession of the first Coalition in May, 1915, to June 1st, 1916. The merit of his war narratives is that they place on permanent record the strenuous and untiring efforts carried on with the splendid spirit of devotion which characterises the Navy, wherever and whenever naval force in any form could be brought to bear upon the innumerable and always pressing needs of the war. It is now possible to form some idea of the continuous and intense strain borne by our forces in the North Sea, upon the vigilance of which all the operations of the Allies, on land and sea, ultimately depended. At the same time, we obtain glimpses of the views which prevailed at the Admiralty.

The earlier accounts of the Battle of Jutland were misleading in important respects, and it was left to an American officer in a remarkable monograph, published in 1920,† to make clear certain essential facts, which had apparently escaped notice. Heated controversy has arisen over the tactics of this unique battle; but the broad features are not in dispute.

The German Fleet was at last brought to action by far superior British forces. It escaped without difficulty after inflicting about double the losses that it received.

* *Naval Operations*, Vol. III., by Sir Julian S. Corbett. Longmans, Green & Co.

† *A True Account of the Battle of Jutland*, by Captain T. G. Frothingham, U.S.R. Bacon & Brown, Cambridge, Mass.

The weight of the Grand Fleet of twenty-four post-Dreadnought battleships * was never brought to bear upon the enemy, as it was only partially engaged for about fifteen minutes on each of two occasions, with a loss of two killed and five wounded. Considerable additional forces were tied to their ports until too late to be employed. In our long and glorious naval history nothing directly comparable with this tragedy stands recorded. It is vital for future guidance that the causes of failure should be traced with cold impartiality. Whatever final judgment is reached, it must be pregnant with lessons of supreme importance to the Navy and to the nation.

We now have a mass of detailed information almost bewildering in amount, together with charts greatly superior in accuracy to those published in 1921 with the "official despatches." † The general object seems to have been to represent each stage of the operations as mainly inevitable and strictly according to plan, which has involved some questionable comments, and others even mutually destructive. The careful historian will find material for judgment, but little more.

The battle must be considered from the point of view of strategy and tactics, the one reacting on the other. For the Allies, after a succession of failures and disappointments in most theatres of war, nothing was so important in 1916 as a crushing and final naval victory. The chance at length came as a result of the more vigorous action inspired by Admiral Scheer ‡ and of the exigencies of German politics. To Admiral Jellicoe the problem was to use all possible means of bringing the whole German Fleet to action, and to employ all the available forces to destroy it. Admiral Scheer's object, on the other hand, was to cut off and annihilate a part of our forces, while avoiding a general action, unless in specially favourable conditions. Both fleets had gained much experience of operations directed with these aims. To meet the Yorkshire raid on December 16th, 1915, the dispositions were all made at the Admiralty. The Grand Fleet was not

* Increased to 27 after 6.30 p.m., when the 5th Battle Squadron, less *Warspite*, with helm disabled, formed astern.

† Cmd. 1068. Admiralty, 1921.

‡ Became Commander-in-Chief in January, 1916.

moved. Thick weather thwarted the intended combinations, and the High Seas Fleet fortunately retired at 6.10 a.m., although, according to Von Tirpitz, Admiral Ingenohl held "the fate of Germany in the palm of his hand." The Germans lost their chance, as Sir Julian Corbett admitted; * but we had a grave warning to employ the whole of our forces. In March and April, 1916, the High Seas Fleet had been at sea, the later occasion closely synchronising with the Sinn Fein rebellion in Dublin. Then came a hurried raid on Lowestoft and a feeble attempt at Yarmouth on April 25th. The raiding ships escaped and "no military damage" was inflicted; but this raid "at least raised the prestige of the German High Seas Fleet."

We retaliated with a seaplane attack on some Zeppelin sheds at Tondern on May 4th, which did not bring this fleet out. Sir Julian Corbett, however, makes it clear that there were strong reasons to believe that the Germans were contemplating some great operation in the latter half of May, when fine weather could be expected.

During the morning of the 30th there were indications that the High Seas Fleet was assembling in the Jade roads, and this, connected with the mystery of the submarines, pointed to some movement of unusual importance. Accordingly, at midday, it was decided to warn Admiral Jellicoe that the German Fleet might go to sea early next morning. . . . Beyond further indications that a large operation was at hand, all was still obscure. . . . Shortly after 5 p.m., however, it became known that all sections of the High Seas Fleet had received an important operation signal. . . . At 5.40 p.m., a telegram was sent to the C.-in-C. and to Admiral Beatty . . . . ordering them to concentrate as usual to the eastward of the "Long Forties."

A combination of circumstances plainly pointed to some important enterprise, and ordinary prudence, fortified by experience, demanded early movement and a rapid concentration of all our forces. Admiral Jellicoe, without instructions till 5.40 p.m., then issued his orders, and the Grand Fleet did not begin to leave Scapa till after 9.30 p.m. Our Battle Fleet was in three groups. The main force at Scapa, consisting of the 1st and 4th Battle Squadrons and 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, was completed by the junction, at 11.15 a.m., of the 2nd Battle

* *Naval Operations*, Vol. II.

Squadron from Invergordon, and then comprised 24 * of the finest battleships and 3 battle cruisers.

Under Vice-Admiral Beatty at Rosyth were the 1st and 2nd Battle Cruiser Squadrons (6 ships) and the 5th Battle Squadron † (4 fast ships of *Queen Elizabeth* type). With the first group were 8 armoured cruisers, 6 light cruisers, and 50 destroyers; with the second, 14 light cruisers and 27 destroyers. These two great groups were intended to reach their respective rendezvous at 2 p.m., that of Admiral Beatty being 69 miles S.S.E. of Admiral Jellicoe.

For a true advanced squadron, whose function was to bring the enemy within reach of the main fleet, the interval was undoubtedly too great. But, as we have seen, this was not, at this time, the primary function of Admiral Beatty's force. As the prospect of a fleet action grew ever more and more remote, its tactical character as an advanced squadron became secondary to the ever-present need of intercepting raids on our coast. . . It was only when we were operating offensively that the interval was reduced to about forty miles.

Undoubtedly the idea of a raid could not be abandoned ‡; but as all the available information pointed to the strong probability that the High Seas Fleet was coming out, the above comment is most difficult to understand. Was our fleet *not* acting "offensively"? If this was the general view, much is explained. Why did the chance of a general action appear to grow "ever more and more remote"?

At 2 p.m. Admiral Jellicoe was "15½ miles" (more than an hour at his speed) and Admiral Beatty "over 15 miles" short of their respective rendezvous, by which time Admiral Hipper's advanced squadron, with the High Seas Fleet 50 miles behind it, was 50 miles East of Admiral Beatty. At 2.20 p.m. both our flagships received a signal from the *Galatea*:—

Urgent.—Two cruisers probably hostile in sight bearing E.S.E., course unknown.

The period of strategy was now ending, and the pieces were set on the chess-board of naval war. The defensive

* *The Royal Sovereign*, the most recent battleship, was left at Scapa.

† Most fortunately, as events proved, this fast squadron had been assigned to Admiral Beatty in spite of "serious objections."

‡ Admiral Scheer had "conceived" a "a plan . . . of greater boldness than anything he had yet ventured. It was based on a bombardment of Sunderland." Alternatively, "he intended to proceed up the Danish coast as though to strike at our cruisers and merchantmen" which might be in the Skagerak.

idea, based upon the fear of a raid in Southern waters,* had certainly deflected our dispositions. As the indications combined in pointing to the movement of all the German forces, the supreme object was evidently to attack them with all the strength at our disposal. Time was thus all important; but the movement of the Grand Fleet had been leisurely, and it was even eased down while strange craft were being examined—a duty which might have been left to the light cruisers. It may fairly be said that about 1½ hours might have been saved by greater expedition, which would have proved an immense gain. On reaching his rendezvous, Admiral Beatty was to turn N. to meet Admiral Jellicoe if the enemy had not been sighted. The wide distance which separated our two groups was now to produce untoward results. In further accord with the defensive idea, the 3rd Battle Squadron with the 3rd Cruiser Squadron in the Thames, and Commodore Tyrwhitt's finely tempered flotilla at Harwich, were held back by the Admiralty till too late to be of service.

The tactics of the two battle groups were simple and characteristic. From about 3.45 p.m., when he opened fire, to about 8.30 p.m., when Admiral Scheer "was once more lost in the gathering mists," Admiral Beatty was continuously on the offensive, always seeking to maintain contact with the enemy and to engage as the light permitted. It was Admiral Hipper's object to draw him towards the approaching High Seas Fleet, the presence of which was signalled by the *Southampton* at 4.38 p.m. and reported *incorrectly* to Admiral Jellicoe at 4.45 "*viâ Princess Royal.*" †

> So startling a development was scarcely credible. Admiral Beatty had still no reason to believe that Admiral Scheer had left the Jade. . . . Wholly unexpected as Admiral Scheer's arrival was, all doubt was now at an end.

The appearance of the High Seas Fleet ought not, however, to have been "wholly unexpected," and Admiral

* Sir Julian Corbett refers to an "unfortunate Admiralty signal" (not given in the Blue Book) which reported that "although it was *thought that the High Seas Fleet had put to sea in the early morning,* by directional wireless the German flagship seemed to be still in the Jade"—a mistake easily explained.

† Official despatches. The course of the enemy as received by the *Iron Duke* was S.E.!

Hipper's proceedings pointed to hasty retirement upon a supporting force. At 4.40 p.m. Admiral Beatty turned the Battle Cruiser Squadron 16 points in succession "to join the Commander-in-Chief by the shortest possible route," the 5th Battle Squadron subsequently forming up astern and becoming engaged with Admiral Scheer's van.

The story of the "First Phase" with the abortive torpedo attacks on both sides is told in full detail. It was unfortunate that the 5th Battle Squadron was too far away from the flag to come into action before 4.6 p.m., and then at 19,000 yards;* but later the good shooting of this squadron was most valuable to the hard-pressed battle cruisers. Admiral Beatty's action was gallantly fought, with the disadvantage of the light throughout; but it resulted in the blowing up of the *Indefatigable* and *Queen Mary*, while his flagship *Lion* only escaped the same fate by the devotion of the mortally wounded officer of Q-turret, Major F. I. W. Harvey, R.M.L.I.† Admiral Beatty was now drawing the whole German Fleet towards the Grand Fleet in the hope of a decisive action.

Meanwhile, Admiral Jellicoe, having read the signal from the *Southampton*, having received Admiral Beatty's position and course and signalled his own position and course at 3.27 p.m., was steaming S. at 19 knots in cruising formation.‡ At 5.33 p.m., the latter "hauled round to N.N.E.," Admiral Hipper conforming and Admiral Scheer following astern. The battle cruisers were again engaged, and at 5.56 p.m. Admiral Beatty sighted "the leading ships of the Grand Fleet four miles to the northward" and altered course to E. "at utmost speed." §

If the charts are to be trusted, the van ship of the High Seas Fleet was about 16,000 yards from the *Iron Duke*, and less than 14,000 yards S.W. by S. of the

* Report of Rear Admiral Evan Thomas.

† Posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross, which was never better earned.

‡ At this period and others, air reconnaissance, which Admiral Beatty had found to be of "distinct value," might apparently have thrown light on the situation. The *Campania*, with 15 seaplanes and a special deck from which they could be flown, accompanied the Grand Fleet, but was ordered at 4.37 a.m. to return to the base.

§ The long period of dead reckoning had led to a "cumulative error of eleven miles," the *Iron Duke* being over four miles E. and the *Lion* nearly seven miles W. of their supposed positions.

Marlborough, leading the starboard Division, when at 6.15 p.m. the Grand Fleet began to deploy. Admiral Scheer was following Admiral Hipper, who had hauled to starboard on a N.E. course. The effect of the deployment * was to bring some ships of the Grand Fleet into action for at most fifteen minutes after 6.20 p.m.,† and subsequently to lose contact, which it was left to the enemy to restore.

At 6.32 p.m. Admiral Beatty reached his station ahead of the battle fleet. Ahead of him again was Admiral Hood

with the 3rd Battle Squadron, which engaged at about 9,000 yards. The flagship *Invincible* was soon heavily hit and blew up. The leading German ships had suffered considerably, the *Lützow* being "completely disabled," and at 6.35 p.m. Admiral Scheer turned his fleet 16 points together and disappeared westward behind a smoke screen after launching a "half-hearted destroyer attack," which proved abortive. We are told that this manœuvre, though regarded as impracticable for a British Fleet, at least in action,‡

was well known to us, and in the exercises we had practised since the war began, an effective reply had constantly been sought, but none had been found.

That Admiral Sheer had resorted to it appears, however, to have been quite unsuspected, and the Grand Fleet was completely baffled.

The only possible means of preventing the enemy's escape was a resolute and immediate chase . . . . but an immediate turn by divisions, in order to follow, was out of the question

because it would have exposed the fleet to "a possibly overwhelming attack from the long-range torpedoes in the enemy's capital ships." How this "overwhelming attack" could have developed from a fleet retiring in line ahead upon our Divisions following in line ahead disposed abeam is not understood. Admiral Jellicoe had written

* This manœuvre has been much discussed; but it is idle to speculate on what might have happened if the deployment had been made on the starboard or a central division.

† The 5th Battle Squadron which formed up astern of the Grand Fleet was again engaged; but the *Warspite* had been disabled.

‡ It was performed three times by the Germans and twice under fire, although the High Seas Fleet must have been considerably disordered at the time.

an important memorandum in October, 1914, which explained that

> If, for instance, the enemy were to turn away from an advancing fleet, I should assume the intention was to lead us over mines and submarines, and should decline to follow.

The Admiralty expressed full approval of this restraint. Now, however, the enemy was not turning away from a fleet "advancing" in their direction, and

> there was little risk of their having time to prepare a minefield or a submarine trap.

Considering the rapidity of the preceding movements, which were dictated to Admiral Scheer, it is difficult to conceive *any* risk of a trap, and there were no submarines present, though that was not then known. As the enemy had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, some special effort to discover his whereabouts, even if risk to our light craft were involved, might have been expected. But

> nothing then remained to Admiral Jellicoe, since he could not tell in what direction the enemy had retired, but to place himself as soon as possible across their line of retreat to the Bight.

At 6.44 p.m., with this object, the fleet was turned by divisions to the S.E. and ten minutes later to S., which would have taken it far away from the enemy; but now occurred the most amazing incident in the battle. At about 7 p.m. Admiral Scheer ordered a second *Kehrtwendung* (turn 16 points together) to the E., the result being that his "T" was crossed by 27 of the finest battleships in the world. His idea was

> to strike at the enemy's centre under cover of a destroyer attack,

hoping, as he says,

> to surprise the enemy, to upset his plans for the rest of the day, and if the blow fell heavily, it would facilitate the breaking loose at night.*

A part of the Grand Fleet again came into action, at ranges, in the case of the 5th Division, of 8,000 to 9,000 yards, and "11,000 to over 14,000" for the centre Division, the light being favourable. Much punishment must have been inflicted, while

> the *Colossus* alone was hit by two shells, which only inflicted minor damage.

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* *Deutschlands Hochseeflotte im Weltkrieg*, by Admiral Scheer, 1920.

The torpedo attack completely failed, the Grand Fleet being turned 4 points away, and Admiral Scheer executed his third "turn together," his retreating destroyers covering him by the familiar device of a smoke screen.

Thanks to the risk taken, the battleships were all fairly round by 7.20 p.m. . . . Admiral Scheer, for the time at least, had saved his fleet.

He had, however, succeeded perhaps beyond his expectations. He had caused the Grand Fleet to turn away, breaking contact, and had averted his greatest danger—that of being pressed so far W. as to be unable to reach safety during the night. For the Grand Fleet the battle had ended.

As Admiral Jellicoe explained,

I was loth to forego the advantage of position which would have resulted from an easterly or westerly course, and I therefore decided to steer to the southward, where I should be in a position to resume the engagement at daylight.*

At 9.17 p.m. the whole fleet was ordered to take up a cruising formation† on a southerly course.

The crux of the strategical situation was the possibility of the enemy slipping away to the eastward either ahead or astern.

Judging from the charts, it was quite impossible for Admiral Scheer to pass "ahead," and at 10 p.m. his van ship, a pre-Dreadnought, was only 18,000 yards due W. of our starboard division, and steering S.E. for Horn Reefs, where three Harwich submarines were vainly lying in wait, and the *Abdiel* was ordered to lay a line of mines.

But, what was far more important, he (Admiral Jellicoe) took the fine decision of massing the whole of his flotillas five miles astern of the fleet. The risk involved was not great, etc.

While, therefore, our fleet was steaming 86 miles S., the whole of the enemy's forces crashed through the flotillas. The night actions which thus followed gave opportunities for the gallantry which was brilliantly forthcoming. The flotillas, in cruising order and not well organised for the terrible ordeal to which they were subjected, acquitted themselves in acordance with the best traditions of the Navy.‡

* Despatch.

† Divisions in line abeam, columns disposed abeam to port, one mile apart.

‡ The *Spitfire* charged the Dreadnought *Nassau* stem on, carried away some of her plating and anchor gear, and escaped!

As a strategical expedient for barring the passage of a battle fleet the flotillas had failed. With all conditions of light and weather as favourable as could be expected, they had been simply overpowered by the enemy's searchlights, star shells, and secondary armament.

"Shortly before 11 p.m." Admiral Jellicoe received a most important message from the Admiralty giving the course and speed of the enemy's fleet, and at 9 p.m. he had been "told the position of the rear ship"; but the positions appeared incorrect, and the later message did not mention Horn Reefs, where Admiral Scheer had ordered airships to meet him. As no information of the meaning of the night action of the flotillas seems to have reached the flagship, the situation was not understood. At 2.39 a.m. the Grand Fleet altered course to N., and at 3.30 a.m. Admiral Scheer, with his "crippled ships," was safe at Horn Reefs.

The Battle of Jutland was over. The High Seas Fleet, though somewhat shaken in *moral*, remained in being and could still exert a baneful influence as the guardian of the exits of the submarines. The causes of the tragedy are in part—perhaps unconsciously—revealed in Sir Julian Corbett's depressing narrative. They were mainly psychological. They cannot be fully explained in this brief review, and they have been present at other periods in our history. The defensive idea prevailed at the Admiralty and reacted heavily on the tactics of the Grand Fleet. That a fleet action ought to be fought at not less than 15,000 yards to avoid the enemy's torpedoes; that a retreating force ought not to be followed; that, "without battleship support, a destroyer attack before dark is not tactically sound," indicating confusion as to the *rôle* of the destroyer; that nothing could be done at night —such were some of the accepted doctrines, which took no account of low visibility, and were in great measure falsified by the experience of the battle. That the destruction of the enemy's fleet was the supreme object and was worth risks had been forgotten. To Mr. Churchill, who must have expressed what he had learned at the Admiralty, the sea battle was of minor importance. "There was no strategic cause" impelling us to fight at Jutland.

What harm does it do to us if the German fleet takes a promenade at sea?

And he laid stress upon the impolicy of fighting except with "the consciousness of overwhelming superiority." Much is explained by these and other utterances of the ex-First Lord. The material school had long held sway, and it is, therefore, painful to note Admiral Jellicoe's strictures on our naval material, and to find that Von Tirpitz's ships proved far less vulnerable than our own.* It is as sad to learn that, in the young German Navy, more study had been given to fighting requirements. As Admiral Jellicoe pointed out:

> The German organisation at night is very good. Their system of recognition is excellent. Ours is practically nil. Their searchlights are superior to ours, and they use them with great effect. Finally, their method of firing at night gives excellent results. I am reluctantly compelled to the opinion that, under night conditions, we have much to learn from them.†

These and other points of weakness, which Sir Julian Corbett incidentally discloses, help to explain the difficulties under which Admiral Jellicoe laboured. There should be no criticism of individuals, where in all ranks the finest qualities of the British sailor were conspicuous. But there is vital need of a firm resolve to apply every lesson which the Battle of Jutland can teach us, and, above all, of a fixed determination to return to the principles of Nelson and to relegate the defensive idea to Saturn.

* No German ship was blown up by shell fire.
† Jutland despatches.

The Religion of Other Worlds

By H. F. Wyatt

THIS is an age in which to attain unity is becoming the ideal of man. His science is teaching him that unity underlying diversity is the law of the heavens and of this fragment of the heavens which we call the earth. The spectroscope brings us the like message from the flaming splendours of suns whose distance exceeds our mental grasp, and whose light started on its journey to our planet "before Babylon was," or, far earlier still, when hundreds of thousands of years had yet to pass ere our animal ancestors reached the rank of men. The knowledge of these tremendous facts, still alien to the multitude, but familiar now to every educated being, has had reflex effect. It has made all the thinking portion of mankind feel with an intensity hitherto unknown the extraordinary minuteness of the globe on which they are born and whereon they pass their tiny lives, while, as an inevitable correlative to this comprehension, the thought is taking shape that for the inhabitants of a planet so small in the midst of an environment so appalling, political and religious unity must be the natural goal.

Thus viewed, the tentative gropings of the Archbishop of Canterbury towards a reunion of all Christian bodies appear parts of an evolutionary process germane to the future of the human race. But any premature effort to realise an ideal is calculated to bring, not the blessings of peace, but the flashings of a sword, and just as the crude flounderings of the Genevan fanatics, with their disintegrating element of international labour, endanger civilisation, nullify the British Empire, and have actually tended to plunge this country into war with Italy, so any present endeavour to procure the fusion, or even the close co-operation, of the Anglican and the Roman communions is certain to awaken sleeping animosities and to emphasise existent dissensions.

As a fact, the differences between the various Christian bodies, and also between Christianity as a whole and the other great religions of the world, are not dead but alive. To comparatively few of those concerned do

conflicts of belief appear obsolescent, while to the vast majority of these they make irresistible appeal. Meantime, the attitude of " the outsider," that is, of the average educated man of our day, is one of pitying contempt. To him these squabblings of the religious-minded appear mere childish futilities, indulged in by fools while all they stand for is crashing round them, and in his eyes the most appropriate simile is that of Nero fiddling while Rome was on fire.

Are ideals, then, vain? Should we cease to strain our gaze towards distant objects of endeavour and wholly concentrate upon the immediate present? Not so. For to find the path, we must know the goal, and the ideal, like a light shining in the dark, gives us direction.

What then, let us ask, should be the doctrinal aim of religious men and women as regards the future creed of the human race? Should it be to achieve unity of belief in all Christians? Can anyone doubt it? The most bigoted Catholic, the most violent Protestant, and the broadest of Broad Churchmen, would agree on that point, though each would postulate the attainment of that unity through the victory of his own opinions. But is this ideal ultimate? What of the other religions, Buddhism, Brahmanism, Mahommedanism, which for many centuries, or, in the case of Brahmanism, for thousands of years, have swayed the souls of uncounted millions of our kind, as their successive generations raced towards the tomb? Assuredly, answers the Christian, they, too, must be gathered into the fold. And for the like purpose the follower of Mahomet has been, and is, willing to die in battle, and the Buddhist missionary to dare death in regions to him distant and strange.

But suppose that at long last, in the fulness of time, when some civilisation shall reign on earth as superior to ours as ours is to that of the fetish worshippers of an African swamp, all men then living shall unite in holding one creed to which, not authority, but spiritual experience, and reason, and the known facts of science compel assent, can we form now any faintest conception of what the nature of that creed will be? This question is tantamount to asking whether in Christianity, or in its rival religions, or in a blend of these, inheres any

general and fundamental truth on which our minds now, despite the immaturity of present-day knowledge, can yet rely as necessarily constituting an integral part at any time of any world-wide belief.

But at this point, I would venture to interpolate this further question—whether finality can be predicted of any creed of which the articles are applicable only to the denizens of the minute speck of creation on which we live. Conceive (as, for all we know, may be actually the case) that every electron rotating round the central core of an atom is an inhabited world whereon the universal energy has kindled intellectual life and spiritual aspiration as keen as our own, what should we think of the beings peopling it, if we found that they fiercely denied the possibility, first, of the existence of similar sentience elsewhere in their own or in any other atomic universe, and next, that they, even granting an hypothesis so absurd, derided utterly the notion that the religion prevailing amongst themselves could be, or ought to be, identical with that of those other unthinkable creatures? Should we not regard such ridiculous mannikins much as, in Gulliver's travels, the Brobdingnagians regarded Gulliver himself?

We should do well, however, to lay aside our lofty scorn and to burst the swaddling bands which have bound our own minds since the infancy of our race, before we presume to smile at this supposititious instance of ignorance and conceit. For amidst the myriad stars of the heavens, amongst the hundred million visible suns through which we are borne in the flaming chariot of our solar system—as Elijah was borne in that of the biblical legend—amongst the star-groups which are other universes, and the nebulæ which are universes in the making, was ever folly more colossal or vanity more supreme than ours, when we imagine that within the realms of infinitude we are the sole repositories of mind and of devotion? While the whole message of our nascent science enforces by every fresh discovery the lesson of the oneness of the universal energy underlying all physical processes, we still for the most part hug the monstrous delusion of our own singularity in space and time.

But, it is said, what can we know on such a point?

There may, indeed, be multitudes of other inhabited worlds, or there may not. Here science is silent, and, in the absence of its assurance, how can we arrive at any belief? That is not so. Unless we reject the teachings of vital chemistry, the fact is not as stated. For, according to the showing of the late Sir Benjamin Moore, who held the chair of bio-chemistry at Oxford, the processes by which the energy behind phenomena evokes the organic from the inorganic, that is, life from what we call matter, are now plainly discernible. Sir Benjamin Moore declared with absolute definiteness that the play of radiant energy upon colloidal substance, in an early stage of the earth's being, was the method by which the transformation was achieved. His detailed exposition of this theme was published, not in an English, but in an Italian, monthly periodical (*Scientia*), and though some endeavour was made—as by the present writer in an article in *The Nineteenth Century and After*—to draw attention to the immense importance of his discoveries, these seem to have failed, in the English-speaking world at least, to pass into the realm of current thought.

Yet, unless proved erroneous, those discoveries not only solved the question of the origin of life upon this planet, but they also gave rise to an irresistible inference that in all solar systems, wherever suns pour their energy upon attendant globes, similar cause must for ever tend to produce similar effect. But, if this be so, we can no longer say that we know nothing concerning the presence of life in other worlds. Indeed, since the existence of vegetation in Mars is generally accepted as a fact, we may be said to have the evidence of our own eyes in that regard. We know that life has been kindled there and, though we do not know whether there are now (or whether there have been in the past) intelligent creatures in that world, that doubt is irrelevant to the point at issue. For the question is whether earthly life is an isolated phenomenon, thus violating the unity of the whole of creation, or whether, on the contrary, the production of life is a function of the universal energy, operating throughout space and time. Bio-chemistry, as expounded by Sir Benjamin Moore, gives the second answer, of which the existence of Martian vegetation would be definite corroboration.

Of course this conclusion involves no assumption that every planet necessarily develops, first life, and then mind, and then the spirit of worship. Rather, perhaps, we should conceive of worlds as resembling seeds strewn by the winds on the face of the earth. Of each the proper function is to develop life, but how many fulfil that purpose? Out of a thousand, or a hundred thousand, there may be but one. In like manner there may be worlds, and even solar systems, which are as cankered buds, failing through some cause or other to accomplish their destined task. Nevertheless, if that task be fulfilled by but one planet out of many, then in infinity the number of inhabited worlds must be infinite.

Suppose, then, that with such a world, one, say, encircling Sirius, we succeeded in establishing communication, and found its denizens (whatever their bodily shape) possessed of science and intellect equal to our own. We should, as time went on, exchange information with them. Would not the subject of deepest interest be that of religion? Since our own minds proceed, undeniably, out of the energy constituting all worlds, and since here the mind of man has brought forth the ideas of worship and the sense of obligation, we may reasonably expect to find similar results elsewhere. Would, then, our religious belief have nothing in common with that of the planet with which we were communicating? Or would Christians have to say to the dwellers thereon: "The essential, the vital, the fundamental points of our creed have nothing to do with you. Although both our worlds are produced, as we undoubtedly hold, by the same Almighty Power; although you, like us, are His creatures, and owe, as we owe, worship to Him, still in this, the most important of all subjects, we reject utterly the idea of any possible unity with you"? Is this the message to be sent through the fields of space, if ever the words of men are borne by the vibrating ether to the shores of other worlds and to the minds of other beings in the universe of God?

Is not the truth becoming plain that our religious beliefs are closely related to the ancient and mediæval notion that the earth was the centre of all things? We have, indeed, abandoned that theory in so far as

astronomy is concerned, but we practically retain it in the sphere of religion. Yet if this planet of ours were one of a comity of worlds such as conceivably exists in some sections of space, plainly the ultimate form of religion would tend to become identical in all. Is it not worth while to tear away the infantile wrappings of our earlier thought and to try whether we cannot even now trace the foundations of a creed which should be as natural to the dwellers on planets encircling the Pleiades as to ourselves?

Those fellow beings, if they have intellect and science competent to apprehend, as we apprehend, some of the processes of the infinite energy which *is* the universe, must ask, as we ask, whether that energy is mindless or mind*full*. And since they must perceive that from that energy their own minds proceed, and that throughout the heavens, so far as is discernible by them, this same energy has produced a unity and a ceaseless co-ordination of force which, in the very woof of their own thought, suggests the guiding presence of mind, assuredly we may conclude that there, as here, belief in the reign of eternal mind exists.

Again, since life there, as here, has been called from the dust through all the countless stages of evolutionary process, results in some degree similar to those found on earth must certainly have ensued. Life must have preyed on life, whether its forms have been those of animals or of insects, or of some other nature unthinkable by us. There must have been stages when the higher qualities were undeveloped and the lower held sway. So that, once more, there as here, the ladder of ascent was raised, up which the physical creatures whom the Power behind phenomena has brought into being have had to climb their age-long way. And since that Power is unal and has created spirituality in the mind of man, the deduction seems inevitable that elsewhere also throughout this universe that ladder of ascent has led to the development of the same effect. Therefore, when intellect had reached a certain point, the working of the redeeming spirit of the Almighty, carried on through the æons in every inhabited world, must assuredly have been seen.

Unless these deductions, which are not speculations but reasoned inferences, can be shown to be erroneous,

we can now perceive that the great fundamental doctrines of Christianity, belief in God and in Redemption, would be as naturally held by the inhabitants of planets strewn through space as by us who are tied to this little earth.

But it may be objected that the Christian scheme of Redemption, as set forth in this world, applies, not to the growth of its spiritual element in successive generations of men, but to the salvation in another life of the individual human soul. Would, then, that salvation have been secured if the spiritual element had not first been kindled? The Founder of Christianity did not speak to animals. He spoke to men. Would any ecclesiastic, however orthodox, venture to affirm that the spirit of God which instilled the spark of His own Divinity into man was not identical with the spirit which inspired Christ? But if this be so, that redeeming spirit of God must in every world whereon its work is proceeding be one and the same with that spirit here.

Already, therefore, unless this reasoning can be refuted, we have attained to the demonstration of a fundamental unity necessarily prevailing in the ultimate religion of the universe, and we find ourselves in that unity included. Even the legend of the Creation in Genesis, which may have been the shattered rendering in childish form of thoughts conceived by great minds thousands of years previously, contains ideas as appropriate to other worlds as to our own. Is there no "fall" when the spirit of the Divine descends into life called from matter? Surely that fall is repeated whenever God creates a world and brings forth life upon it. And when in sequent process "the struggle for life" begins and continues through countless thousands of our terrestrial years, with all its concomitants of suffering and of sin, can we conceive that no reciprocal pain is endured by the Creator Himself? Thus viewed, the entire universe is as the scene of a crucifixion coeval with eternity.

If at this point we are confronted by some with the old dilemma, why, if God be omnipotent, He thus arranges His works, we can but answer, though in humility and ignorance, that perhaps in the highest pain, voluntarily and sacrificially endured, inheres the highest heaven.

THE RELIGION OF OTHER WORLDS

Another question remains to be considered which is essential to our subject. It is the question of another life. The hope of the Christian extends beyond the grave, and, indeed, without such hope, his faith would be vain. But must not that question and that hope arise equally in every world where intellect and spirituality have been roused into flame and where physical existence is bounded by physical death? There may, indeed, be planets where evolution and science have proceeded so far that the vibrations of another stage of being have become perceptible and knowledge has thus taken the place of faith. For if we believe (and how can we not?) in the unity of the universe, then we must also believe in the physical unity with our own environment of any life following this, since otherwise unity is violated. But, failing such certainty, the hope of immortality must be as natural to the dwellers in other worlds as to ourselves. Moreover, since they, as we, must recognise in such further life a later stage of evolution, and since, even in this stage, punishment and reward, largely and normally, though very imperfectly and with many terrible exceptions, fall as deserved, they must look, even as we look, for justice (tempered with mercy) in that further existence.

Assuming for the moment acceptance of the reasoning which has now been given, is it possible to give in roughest outline what might conceivably be the creed of all worlds where life has led to thought and thought to worship? Despite the fear of incurring the charge of presumption, I will venture on the hazard in the hope that others may fill in the voids.

Could not every dweller in every inhabited planet speak thus: "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of the Heavens and of all that therein is;

"And in His Redeeming spirit which, after He had called living creatures from the dust of innumerable worlds, has gradually kindled in them, through countless stages of growth, minds to apprehend His works and the inspiration of His own Divinity;

"And in another physical life following that on this plane of being, wherein we shall reap what we have sown;

"And in the Fellowship of the Just throughout all space and time."

Political Zionism Without the Rose-coloured Glasses

By C. R. Ashbee

THIS is not so much an answer as a reflection upon Mr. Herbert Bentwich's interesting and suggestive article on the foundations of Political Zionism. I am glad to be allowed to do this because when I was in Jerusalem, acting as Civic Adviser to the Administration, I had valuable practical support from Mr. Bentwich, which I am glad to have this opportunity of acknowledging, and even more so because it was my privilege to work with his son, Mr. Norman Bentwich, in the framing of those laws and regulations for the cities of Palestine which, through the Palestine Town Planning Ordinance, may perhaps yet become a model for the cities of the world.

In so far as Mr. Bentwich tells us of the origins of the Zionist movement, of the idealism and the practical labours of Herzl, he is on unassailable ground, for how can one impugn facts? It is when he draws inferences, makes political implications, or challenges, as the conscientious Jew so often will, the religious idealism of others that his remarks are open to question; indeed it is our duty, if we are free to speak, to take up the challenge.

Mr. Bentwich ends his article with the words "Out of the romance of Herzl's mind had come reality, and out of the reality of his work a beautiful romance had been created—the workings of which we see in Palestine to-day, twenty years after."

One who is familiar with this romance, who has watched closely its operations, may be pardoned for saying that it is a "beautiful romance" only to those who, like Mr. Bentwich and his friends, wear the rose-coloured glasses, or are playing the leading *rôles*. To the vast majority of the population, or to the greater part of the Englishmen who are not Jews, it is not a beautiful romance at all but something very different.

When I quoted these words of the "Philo-Zionist" to

a hard-worked official I got the reply, "Romance! Yes, if you call a Zionist Administration camouflaged as a British Mandate, Romance. I call it d——d injustice." I do not share this view, but I propose to examine the reasons for this exceeding bitterness of the Arab and the Englishman, and to ask what is it lies at the root of the Zionist claim—what is it makes either side think as they do, the practical men on the one hand, and on the other the romanticists.

It is to be premised, however, that there are a few British officials—I have met some—who, so to speak, "go the whole hog" in political Zionism: they are those who believe in the direct fulfilment of the Prophetic Books, and who will quote to you the last five verses of the ninth chapter of Amos. Such men also are romanticists, but, though one may admire their enthusiasm and sympathise with their early biblical training, one does not go to them for a balanced judgment on a complex racial and political problem such as has been created in Palestine by the Balfour Declaration. Mr. Herbert Bentwich, indeed, tells us of those Evangelical Christians who rallied to Herzl's support, but he appears insufficiently to realise that they are not the force they were fifty years ago.

How, indeed, could they be? Every year, as it becomes more political and less religious, the old Puritanism through which they first brought tolerance to Jewry goes out of them. The rose in the glasses whitens. They become more and more the scientific humanists. They can no longer take the six verses of Amos and the other prophetic dicta, as the older Puritans did, at their face value. And this is necessarily so, for the work of Matthew Arnold, of Huxley, of the scientists, goes on. The study of the Bible, archæological research, Egyptology, the revelation of Crete, the Higher Criticism, all these things are but the continuation of that fearless search for truth which the Protestant Reformation meant. And this search for truth now is directed upon the bases of Judaism, much as in the 16th century it was focussed upon Romanism.

This is not the place, nor should I be competent, to appraise the historical value that is to be attached to the utterances upon which, according to Evangelical Christians, the Zionist claim is based. Gunkel, Jülicher, George Adam Smith, Frazer, and many others have dealt

in different ways with these questions, which are now questions of scientific fact rather than of belief. But there is a straight issue, a question of right and wrong, with which the Christian who champions the Zionist cause in Palestine is faced. It is this. The Jews may or may not return to Palestine, they may or may not succeed in establishing their purely Jewish state, what are believed to be the predictions of Jewish seers and singers in the days before Christ may or may not be fulfilled, but under no consideration whatever are Englishmen justified in committing wrong in order to accelerate what they believe to be the fulfilment of prophecy or the act of God. Many a time before in history has the Bible been used to excuse wrong, injustice, force, war. No one who has lived in the Holy Land but has been impressed with the tragic record of the Crusades; but if there is any reason or justice in the League of Nations, or the principles underlying the Mandate of Palestine, no sectarian appeal to the Bible is any longer possible as a justification for political action. Such action, moreover, would be in conflict with the terms of the Mandate itself.

And if it be the old Hebraic Puritanism that is at the back of our Christian support, what is it that is at the back of Zionism itself? A conviction—we see it in Herzl, we see it in Mr. Herbert Bentwich, in Mr. Norman Bentwich, yes, even in Sir Herbert Samuel—that the Jews are the Chosen People, that their God is a God apart. It is all very well to put up fine phrases and use picturesque language about a National Home, or add a clause for the safeguarding of the rights of other nationalities—"self-determination" and so forth. When it comes to the real issue the convinced and conscientious Jew demands and insists upon preferential treatment. This, in the light of his own philosophy of religious exclusiveness, he is justified in demanding; and this in Palestine under Zionist control he gets.

When a few months ago I was in the U.S.A. I was asked to meet a group of influential Jews; some were doubtful, some extreme Zionists. I was asked to give an example of preferential treatment to Jews and consequent injustice to non-Jews. I said I would do this provided my friends present would each say whether the case cited was injustice

or not. They agreed, so I recounted the episode of the Jaffa port concession—its refusal to a non-Jewish group because it was to be reserved for a Jewish group later. The people of Jaffa who were non-Jews thought it a gross injustice that concessions, while accorded to Jews, should be withheld from non-Jews. All my Jewish friends agreed but one, he, carrying the argument of political Zionism *à outrance*, said Sir Herbert Samuel was quite right to withhold the concession, because, under the terms of the Mandate, Palestine is eventually to become a Jewish State, and therefore it is Jews, and Jews only, that should have that or any concession. Sir Herbert Samuel, when this sense of injustice had been pointed out to him, though doubtless genuinely anxious not to be unjust to non-Jews, pleaded that his hands were tied by the Mandate. Other cases could be given. And that brings us to the root difficulty. The Mandate itself is based upon injustice.

Once again let us clear away the cobwebs, let us be honest with ourselves. My American extremist was quite honest; he was out after an idea. I have been engaged most of my life in some idealistic enterprise or other, and I have been proud to number Jews among my most enthusiastic, far-sighted and single-hearted supporters. We have always believed in the soundness of these enterprises, but they were sound only in so far as they were not urged in a spirit of exclusiveness. It is when an idea takes the form of private property in the Deity, "My God is my God and nobody else's," that it becomes dangerous. And there lies the danger of political Zionism. It is a danger both to the world and to Jewry, and Mr. Bentwich and his friends have to be fought—kindly, affectionately, but none the less firmly fought—because what they stand for is fundamentally unrighteous. Listen to Mr. Norman Bentwich, the present Attorney-General and maker of the laws in Palestine: "The harmony of Hebraic and Hellenic ideas . . . may be achieved in the future by a self-conscious Jewish people which will imbibe those elements of outside thought that are ennobling, *but will transmute them by the dominating Hebrew spirit.*" The italics are mine. Herzl's plea for the Jews of the Ghetto is a very different thing from this—the dominating Hebrew spirit. By all means let us clean up the Ghettos of the world, but let

us not do it by the dispossession or domination of other peoples, and still less upon the faulty hypothesis that the country we propose to take from them is ours by right, or in virtue of promises made by God—promises of which the sublime symbolism may stimulate us to great deeds, but in the literal fulfilment of which the majority of us no longer believe.

The age of Hudibras has gone by. We no longer laugh at Puritan shams. But the sardonic gibe of the satirist, if we apply it now to the shallow teachings of Anglo-American Protestantism and the political Zionism that trots along beside it, is as alive as ever. This religious romanticism

> Is a dark lanthorn of the spirit
> Which none see by but those that bear it;
> A light that falls down from on high,
> For spiritual trades to cozen by;
> An ignis fatuus that bewitches,
> And leads men into pools and ditches,
> To make them dip themselves, and sound
> For Christendom in a dirty pond;
> To dive like wild fowl for salvation,
> And fish to catch regeneration.

It is characteristic of the " Philo-Zionist " and his glasses of rose that he is unable to see that the Arab has a case. He does not know, or will not face the fact, that 85 per cent. of the population of Palestine are not Jews, and that the Arabs, so-called, the peasantry of the country, are the descendants of those original inhabitants whom the Jews never succeeded in absorbing, and by whom they were ultimately expelled. The " Philo-Zionist " will not face history, and the answer to him, from the Arab point of view, is best summed up in the words of the Moslem Sheikh in Jerusalem, who, when the Balfour Declaration, sublimely ignoring 1,000 years of history, was first read to him, said, " Give Palestine to the Jews? Certainly. Why not? Give us Spain, and we will give you Palestine. We have as much right to the one as you to the other."

In addition to its dead religion, and its unsound history, the romance has its spurious economics. Perhaps Mr. Bentwich will allow me to recount the parable of the Palestine gardeners—Mr. Norman Bentwich is acquainted with those gardeners—who worked for me when I was engaged on the Jerusalem park system. I was asked to

employ Zionist labour, and delighted to do so, making one only condition that my labour must be drawn as equally as possible from all denominations. Then it leaked out that the wages of the Jews were being supplemented by some Jewish organisation. The Christian and Moslem employees on my staff resented this, to them, false application of the Parable of the Vineyard. Nay, more, they objected that not only did the Jewish gardeners decline to work on an equal footing with the non-Jewish workers, they all wanted to be foremen. Protests were entered against preferential treatment, and the answer was returned by those in authority, and who were dispensing the Jewish dole: "Our people have a higher standard of life, and you cannot expect them to work for the same wage." The Jews did not see it as parasitism. What happened? What was bound to happen? For a while we tried vainly to pay strictly according to merit, but in the end the subsidised Zionist workers had to go, and gave place to others, non-Jews, who were not moved by the Herzl-Bentwich romance. The parable has application not only to the laying out of gardens, for economic laws are inexorable. "He that nurtureth the heathen: it is He that teacheth man knowledge, shall He not punish?"

And if political Zionism fails in its religion, fails in its history, fails in its economics, what is there left? How should we regard it? Zionism, if I may use a metaphor from my own trade as a town planner, has got to be "zoned." And Mr. Norman Bentwich, if he reads these lines, will appreciate the metaphor, as it was I who was privileged to explain to him what zoning meant when we were preparing together the Palestine Town Planning Ordinance, and applying it to Palestine cities. The politics of Zionism have got to be spewed out; the exclusiveness and nepotism have got to be strictly barred off; the finance and exploitation—oil, potash, and so forth—have to be given their place, like the power-houses and factories of great cities; the admirable work of Palestine farming and afforestation has to be treated *per se*; the fine work of the Jewish colonies jealously protected; and the real enthusiasm of Zionism, its solicitude for the downtrodden and the poor, such pity as was in Herzl's heart, has to be lovingly and generously encouraged; last, and

most important of all, the great idea that underlies it has got to be given universal application. "Nova Solyma" is not only an invention of the Jew. Moslem and Christian, Greek and Latin, Boer, German, Englishman, many people at one time or another have thought themselves the chosen of the Lord. Cromwell's England, America's ideal communities, Jesuit States, cities of the saints, Akhenaton's City of the Sun's disc—are they not all known? There have been many Holy Lands, and the Holy Land has been given to many, for in the great Master's words "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Many of us, Englishmen and Jews alike, when we first went out to the East, went with the hope of doing the straight thing to all, whether Arab or Jew. It has been that "dark lanthorn of the spirit" which the political Zionist holds that has lost us our road, and led us into pools and ditches. For I, as many another Englishman who has served in Palestine, know how difficult it is now to get things done that were easy before, when we were trusted and known to be acting fairly to all. We are "sounding for Christendom in a dirty pond."

And the way out? How to regain that confidence of the people which we have lost? There are only two alternatives: either evacuation—we must leave the country to work out its own destinies, that self-determination which we promised when we came recruiting for the Arab army; or a straightforward British Government, administered not by a Jew, nor a Moslem, nor anyone with a sectarian bias, but an Englishman—in the equal interests of all. It would be perfectly possible for the British Government or the League of Nations now to say: "When we initiated this policy of the 'national home' we thought, nay, we hoped and believed, three things: first, that the Jews themselves would be unanimous in their support of it; secondly, that it would not be unwillingly accepted by the people of Palestine; thirdly, that no burden would fall upon the British taxpayer. We now find, first, that the Jews are by no means unanimous, and, indeed, often actively hostile; secondly, that the overwhelming majority of the people of Palestine repudiate it; and, thirdly, that it can only be established by force of arms and at heavy cost to the British taxpayer."

Our "Philo-Zionist" quotes Herzl as saying: "The Jews did not want to found a new State; all they asked for was autonomy, and the right to self-protection," and, later, as laying it down: "Palestine is the fatherland of ideas that belong not to one people, nor exclusively to one faith." It is a pity that those wise sayings have been forgotten by Herzl's followers, they have profound significance in the light of what has happened since the coming of the civil administration to Palestine, for they are in harmony neither with the teachings of political Zionism nor with Mr. Norman Bentwich's "dominating Hebrew spirit." Indeed, it is not in the spiritual hope of Herzl but in the claims of his followers that the danger lies both to Jewry and to the world, for political Zionism, while it says one thing, means in effect something quite different. Is it to be wondered at that the people of the country, realising the underlying dishonesty, spew it out, and regard us English but as tools of a sham government which they will have no truck with, nor tolerate.

And for this reason also we must discount the officially inspired press notices that appear from time to time on "Readjustment in Palestine." They are part of the romance. The only readjustment possible is the readjustment of the Mandate itself, the frank abandonment of its preferential clauses. However true it be that the British electorate is indifferent to Palestinian questions, injustice always finds you out sooner or later, and the true Zionism "is at an end as soon as an immoral law is enacted, for he who writes a crime into the statute book digs under the foundations of the Capitol."

In Offenbach's opera the Lady Automaton dances divinely until the rose-coloured glasses of her lover suddenly break; the light enters, and the Automaton crashes to the ground. It seems as though some of this light were already penetrating the politics of Palestine. One wonders what "Philo-Zionist" and his son, nay, even Sir Herbert Samuel, make of these words of Achad Ha'am: "Those who now abandon the ideal in exchange for the political idea will never return again, not even when the excitement dies down and the State is not established, for rarely in history do we find a movement retracing its steps before it has tried to go on and on, and

finally lost its way. When, therefore, I see what chaos the movement has brought in the camp of the Eastern Choveve Zion . . . . I really feel the heavy hand of despair." But there, none the less, lies the reality, in the spiritual light that Ginsburg and Herzl and others have held up, in the work they have inspired, or made men do for all, not in any "dominating Hebrew spirit," nor through an Administration fundamentally unrighteous, because, while deceiving itself and the world, it is acting an injustice.

An article by Lord Raglan on "The Ethnology of Palestine" will appear next month."

The Weather-Vane

By Wilfrid Thorley

O STEEPLE-COCK, stoop down to me
And tell me what you see afar!
A sail that flickers on the sea
No bigger than a star.

O make your fledge a beacon, fowl,
And let your wings be lanterns both!
Afar I see the tempest scowl,
And all the waves are wroth.

Look well again, good steeple-cock,
And can you see her lantern-spark?
Nay, now she runs upon a rock,
And founders in the dark.

O steeple-cock, say one is saved,
One only lad that shall not drown!
I saw a sudden hand that waved
But once, and then went down.

Fly, steeple-cock, with my true pledge,
And say I love him, ere he die!
Too heavy is my golden fledge,
Good lass! I cannot fly.

Local Option in Scotland

By Rt. Hon. Lord Salvesen, P.C.

(Formerly a Judge of the Court of Session, Scotland)

SCOTLAND has again unmistakably given its verdict against the No-Licence Policy. The polls commenced to be taken in certain towns in October, and have only been completed in the third week in December. During a period of nearly three months an intensive agitation has been conducted by the No-Licence Party, and the Trade has been equally active in defence of its own interests. Tons of literature have been issued, and hundreds of public meetings have been held on both sides. The streets of every town, where a poll was imminent, have been placarded with pictorial and other posters urging the voters to record their votes for No-Licence, or for No-Change, as the case might be. How much money has been spent is known only to the organisers, but it cannot have fallen short of some hundreds of thousands of pounds, besides about £62,000 which comes out of the rates for the expenses of polling sheriffs and the like.

What has been the result? 804,959 votes in all were recorded. Of these No-Licence received 300,251, or 37·29 per cent. of the total. No less than 492,096, or 61·11 per cent., were for No-Change, and the remaining 12,612, or 1.55 per cent., were for Limitation. Not a single area was captured for No-Licence. On the contrary, out of the 24 areas in which public houses had been abolished in 1920, five carried repeal by sweeping majorities.

The superficial observer might infer from these figures that Scotland was proud of its public houses and that it would resent any attempt to improve them. Institutions which require "no change" must be ideally perfect. Such an inference would be entirely beside the mark. Thanks to the astute way in which the Temperance (Scotland) Act of 1913 was drawn, the voters were shut up to three Options, none of which permitted the vast majority of thinking people to express their actual views. Many of these voted for No-Licence simply as a protest against existing conditions—many more for No-Change as involving a less evil than any form of Prohibition—and

still more abstained from voting because they could not bring themselves to vote for No-Change, although they were opposed to the other Options.

In the 18 areas which remained dry, the result may be easily explained by less creditable motives having influenced the voters. Many of these areas are inhabited mainly by middle-class people who do not themselves frequent public houses, and whose use of alcoholic beverages is not in the least degree affected by their abolition. The Eighth Ward of Greenock is an example. In it are situated the chief middle-class clubs. Those remain unaffected by the vote that has deprived the working class of the facilities which they formerly enjoyed. The willingness to apply to other people restraints which do not affect oneself accounts for a large proportion of the No-Licence vote, relatively small though the figures show it to be.

The case of Edinburgh is specially instructive. There was a poll in each of the 22 wards into which the extended city is now divided. All of them voted No-Change; only in a few of the residential wards did the No-Licence vote make a decent showing. In the working-class wards, where most of the public houses are situated, the votes against No-Licence were in some cases four to one. Those who would be directly affected by their area being voted "dry" repudiated No-Licence by enormous majorities. But this is not all—only 55 per cent. of the voters in Edinburgh recorded their votes, as against 85 per cent. in many of the small towns. Of these 18 or 20 per cent. voted No-Licence, which is probably 5 or 10 per cent. more than if Prohibition—the ultimate aim of the No-Licence Party—had been frankly put in issue.

What would have been the result if there had been a Fourth Option, such as "Public House Reform," on which voters might have expressed their opinion, it is now easy to estimate. Not only would the 37 per cent. who voted for "No-Change" have in large numbers voted for such an Option, but the 30 per cent. who deliberately abstained from voting because they disliked the other three Options would have recorded their votes in its favour. That this was the fear of the leaders of the No-Licence Party is evident from the bitterness with which they opposed the

Bill promoted by the "Scottish Public House Reform League," of which I have the honour to be chairman, and which was introduced by Lord Wemyss in the House of Lords last July. The sole purpose of the Bill was to add this Fourth Option, so that the wishes of the people of Scotland as to future legislation might be clearly and intelligently expressed. The chief opponents were Earl Beauchamp and Lord Haldane, who fathered the original Act, and belong to a political party which has hitherto in Scotland always been able to count for support on the so-called Temperance Vote. The Bill was withdrawn, not from any fear of an adverse vote, but because the session was already so far advanced that no measure that was controversial had any chance of being allotted the necessary time for its discussion in the Lower House.

I have already given the figures of the recorded votes at the polls which actually took place, but it must not be left out of view that a large part of the burgh population of Scotland (no polls were taken in the counties) had no opportunity of expressing any opinion on the questions at issue. Under the 1913 Act it is a condition precedent to any poll being taken that a requisition for a poll shall be signed by not less than one-tenth of the electors in the area. In numerous small burghs, either the necessary one-tenth of the electorate could not be induced to sign such a requisition, or the organisers of the No-Licence campaign felt that any attempt to impose No-Licence upon them was foredoomed to failure. How much the percentage of No-Licence voters would have been diminished had the polls been universal cannot, of course, be estimated, but that serious diminution would have been entailed goes without saying.

At first sight it seems strange that so few persons (only 1·55 per cent. of those who voted) availed themselves of the Limitation Option, but the explanation is not far to seek. The 1913 Act makes no provision for compensation to those licence holders who, in the sole discretion of the Licensing Court, suffer the loss of their livelihood by losing their licences. It is contrary to the love of fair play which characterises the Scottish, just as much as the English, people that any trader should be arbitrarily deprived of his property for the benefit of competing

traders in the same area; nor is it obvious what advantage is to be gained, so far as the public are concerned, in areas which are not de-licensed by compelling them to resort to already congested premises for the liquors which they desire.

Hitherto it is only in those parts of large towns where licences were already few that a reduction has taken place as the result of a plebiscite, and, unfortunately, the discretion entrusted to the Licensing Bench is said in some cases to have resulted in well-appointed and commodious public houses being closed, while unsuitable and less reputable premises remained open. In one of the wards of Ayr there existed only one licence—that of a hotel proprietor—and this unfortunate man had to bear a large part of the expense incident to the attack by the No-Licence Party on his business.

As bearing on the question whether the result of the plebiscite expressed the true opinion of those who voted, it may be pointed out that party politics were for all practical purposes eliminated from the contest. No Members of Parliament, so far as I remember, spoke on either Prohibition or anti-Prohibition platforms. The reason is sufficiently obvious, for the opponents of Prohibition are numerously represented in all three parties, while the No-Licence vote is of sufficient importance to make party politicians chary of unnecessarily antagonising it. On the other hand, the clergy played a prominent and indeed almost a dominating part in the public discussions. The so-called evangelical clergy, represented mainly by the United Free Church of Scotland, were conspicuous at most No-Licence meetings, and a section of the ministers of the Church of Scotland were no less zealous on the same side. A few of the more courageous of the parish clergy publicly opposed Prohibition, and the same is true of the Scottish Episcopal clergy, who, as a Church, resolved to advise their members to vote against No-Licence. The Roman Catholic clergy took no part in the public controversy, although it was understood that they also were anti-Prohibitionists.

Individually, it is probably the case that a majority of the U.F. clergy are themselves abstainers, while a large majority of the parish clergy are strictly temperate users

of alcoholic beverages. The latter for the most part maintained a wise reticence and did not use their pulpits to influence their congregations. The same cannot be said of the U.F. clergy, who seem in many cases to have adopted total abstinence as an essential part of Christianity, and whose religious fervour frequently found expression in intemperate abuse of those who differed from them as to the best means of promoting sobriety.

That the clerical protagonists had so little success is due partly to the Scottish layman's innate distrust of the clergy as guides in the practical affairs of life, and partly to the fact that the spirit of self-sacrifice to which they appealed could not in the nature of things be exemplified in their own persons. Those who have adopted total abstinence because they consider it more conducive to their own happiness do not perform any act of self-abnegation by voting No-Licence or urging others to do so. The party that since 1913 has been directing its efforts to destroy the existing facilities for alcoholic refreshment might reasonably have been expected to provide some substitute for the public house in the shape of tea and coffee rooms to which working men might resort. Of such practical altruism the No-Licence Party has hitherto given no evidence. It has preferred to spend the large sums which it apparently commands on furthering a policy of compulsion.

What I have said as to the actual results of the plebiscite conclusively proves that if local veto can be regarded as a measure of temperance reform, it has been definitely rejected by the inhabitants of Scotland in every area where a temperance problem might be said to exist. If ever there was an occasion which held forth a promise of success for the No-Licence Party, it was the last plebiscite. They had prepared for it steadily for a period of three years; they had past successes to boast of; their campaign was assisted by thousands of voluntary workers —by pulpit oratory in most of the so-called evangelical churches; by lavish expenditure on propaganda; by hundreds of public meetings, at which their most gifted speakers functioned; and by the fact which was never contemplated when the 1913 Act was passed, that the number of votes had been much more than doubled by the

lowering of the franchise and the inclusion of women. The Act which was passed in response to what was represented as the urgent and insistent demand of the people of Scotland, and was supported by 52 of its representatives in Parliament, now turns out to have been the achievement of a small minority. It is an example of the kind of legislation which has only too often been foisted on the electorate by a small but highly organised party, which held the balance of power, and secured pledges from Parliamentary candidates as a condition of obtaining their votes. Such pledges are unfortunately sometimes too readily given in the course of a contest, but they have occasionally to be redeemed. Thus it came about that a measure, the principle of which was not truly in issue at the preceding General Election which had returned Mr. Asquith to power, and which, as it now appears, was approved by only a fraction of the electorate, found its way into the statute book.

Is it to remain there, and are the people of Scotland to be every three years subjected to an acrimonious contest which stirs their feelings even more than a General Election? Or is there room for such amendments as may make the Act prospectively useful? Even the No-Licence Party admit its defects, but their suggestions are in the direction of increasing the stringency of its provisions. Experience has proved that where a No-Licence resolution has been carried, the facilities for obtaining drink by the very class who are prone to excessive indulgence are speedily supplied by the growth in the number of workmen's clubs, and where these cannot be successfully started, by shebeens. The grocers from neighbouring areas which have remained " wet " find it extremely profitable to deliver liquors from house to house, with the result that more liquor is probably consumed in a dry area than before—when it could be obtained in small quantities, as required. The proposal to de-licence all clubs and restaurants, as well as wholesale dealers, in an area which has been voted " dry " would not abolish two of the three evils above referred to. But it would certainly bitterly antagonise a large section of the community who have hitherto remained neutral and would render the No-Licence campaign still more hopeless. Prohibition on the

lines adopted by the United States and Finland is outside the range of practical politics. Only one candidate for election to Parliament at the General Election was returned on this issue, and this in a constituency (Dundee) which in all its eleven wards had rejected No-Licence by majorities of more than two to one only a few weeks before. Mr. Scrymgeour's ardent advocacy of Prohibition cannot apparently have been taken seriously by the people amongst whom he lives.

Other amendments of the 1913 Act have been suggested. To avoid the anomaly which has happened in Glasgow and elsewhere of the public houses on one side of a street being abolished, while those on the other remained open, it would be possible to amend the Act by treating each town, instead of each ward, as a separate unit. The Trade would like nothing better, for on this basis not a single public house would have been closed in those few towns where individual wards went "dry" or adopted Limitation in 1920. The addition of other Options to the Act is no doubt highly desirable in order to get at the true opinion of Scotland, and would have been extremely useful at the last plebiscite, but it involves the suspension of all reforms until the lapse of another three years. The same objection applies with even greater force to an extension of the time between two plebiscites to ten years. The truth is that while the 1913 Act holds the field, however amended, it constitutes an insuperable obstacle to any attempt to reform existing conditions. No licence holder can be expected to spend the large sums which are required so as to convert what are at present mere drinking bars into such premises as already exist in England under the control of The People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd., if he runs the risk of his licence being confiscated by a popular vote. And in the present state of national finance it seems hopeless to find money for the running of all licences on disinterested lines.

Let us, then, face the facts as we find them and frankly confess that the plebiscite clauses of the 1913 Act must go, as a condition precedent to any change in our existing system. Nay, more, we must—at least in part—abandon the underlying principle of the old licensing legislation,

which, not content with exercising a strict control over the business of the licence holder, subjects him to the risk of having his licence withdrawn every year. That such risk has been small in the past, because licensing justices have seldom exercised their power in the case of a well-conducted house, does not detract from the fact that the dealer in alcoholic liquors holds a precarious tenure, with all the deterrents to improvement which this involves, whether the tenure be of land or of any other subjects. It is only the certainty of reaping the fruits that stimulates expenditure on improvements. The one achievement of the 1913 Act has been practically to suspend the exercise of the power that the licensing authority now possesses to withdraw any licences, for that power has been put into the hands of the voters at each plebiscite. Besides this, the Act for seven years prohibited the licensing authority from ordering structural improvements as a condition of renewing a licence, and so stopped what would have been normal betterment under pre-existing legislation. Neither of these results of crude and unwanted legislation has tended to improve national sobriety.

Assuming that the plebiscite clauses of the 1913 Act are got rid of, the way is at once open to reforms of a practical kind. Private enterprise would gradually overtake the work of converting the sordid drinking bars that now exist into places that would serve the working men of the community in the same way as their more pretentious clubs serve the middle classes. Such licence holders as brought their houses up to a required standard and undertook to provide non-alcoholic refreshments, such as tea, coffee, and Bovril, and a limited selection of foods, should be given security of tenure terminable only on proof of a serious breach of the conditions of their certificate. The jurisdiction of the licensing authority to withdraw licences from houses which remained unimproved would continue, and in order that they might exercise their powers without regard to any considerations, except the public interest, compensation should be provided to those who were de-licensed at the expense of the Trade.

The advantages in so decreasing temptations to insobriety should be manifest to all unbiassed persons. In large, well-lighted premises open to the view of

passers-by and frequented by decent people, some of whom would no doubt prefer non-alcoholic beverages to refresh themselves with, the customers would come under the wholesome restraint of public opinion. They would have a choice of refreshments, and those who preferred alcoholic would have less excuse for rapid and immoderate drinking than when they had to maintain their place at a crowded bar by giving repeated orders. Experience of the excellent results that accrue from decent and comfortable environment are not wanting.

The Carlisle experiment, which embodies this policy, has secured the approval of an overwhelming majority of the local clergy of all denominations. The 170 licensed inns of The People's Refreshment House Association, Ltd., can claim an equally good record. The evolution of moral character in a people is a plant of slow and gradual growth, and its development is fostered, not by violent changes, but by steady improvement of the conditions under which the people live. If improved housing tends to produce a higher moral standard, so surely will improved public houses, to which those resort whose home conditions are sordid or overcrowded, or who reside in lodging houses. To young, unmarried men some place in which they can spend part of their evenings in comfort and with a cheerful environment is a necessity of modern life. In most Scottish towns there is no other possible resort open in the evenings than the public house. Instead of making such houses as unattractive as possible, which has been the policy of past legislation as interpreted by local licensing authorities, the aim should be to make them as attractive as possible by providing facilities for innocent games, for reading newspapers, and for social intercourse. At present the only thing a man can do in a public house is to stand in front of the bar and drink.

Theoretically, the elimination of private profit on the retail sale of alcoholic drinks under disinterested management makes a strong appeal, and where salaried servants employed in houses run on these lines receive a substantial commission only on the sale of non-alcoholic beverages and are otherwise of the right kind, good results might be expected. Practically, however, it is found that there

is not much difference between such houses and those which at present reach the standard of improved public houses. Efficient police supervision is a very good substitute for the elimination of private profit, and is much easier to accomplish. The necessary capital to run even a small proportion of existing licences on disinterested lines would be extremely difficult to raise. A company has been in existence in Scotland for many years which limits the shareholders' dividends to a maximum of five per cent., and devotes any surplus to public objects. Its growth has been extremely slow—probably much retarded by the 1913 Act during the last thirteen years—and the sums available for benevolent or useful public institutions have been small. A great stimulus, however, would be given to the formation of similar companies if they were recognised by the legislature as being entitled to preferential treatment where a competition arose for a new licence, either in a new district or where an existing licence was withdrawn because of the conduct of the holder, and if they were given security of tenure on the same conditions as an improved public house. Under such conditions, I believe many public-spirited persons would gladly invest part of their spare capital on a five per cent. basis. So long as the licence remains precarious, the investment of money in its purchase on such terms is the reverse of attractive.

It is part of the programme of the League, whose general views I am voicing, to obtain legislation to eliminate undesirable licences in areas which are already over-licensed. Our view may be expressed shortly as fewer houses and better houses. As improved public houses came to be established, a corresponding number of the small and less reputable houses should go out of existence. Those that remained should share in providing the compensation that it is only right that any trader should receive whose property is taken away through the action of the State in the public interest. As the greater part of the customers of those that were de-licensed would be transferred to the houses which survived, no injustice is involved in holding that a compensation fund should be provided under statutory authority by means of a compulsory levy. This is already in operation under the recent Licensing Acts applicable to England.

Unfortunately, benefits that were anticipated from the reduction of licences in England have not materialised, as, according to my information, so-called workmen's clubs—in most cases mere drinking clubs—have taken the place of the licences that have gone out of existence. Fortunately, this evil has been anticipated, and provided against in Scotland by the very wise provisions enacted by the Licensing (Scotland) Amendment Act, 1903, Sections 77-88, which secure, as far as possible, that all such clubs should be *bonâ fide* before they are licensed by the Sheriff, and if they are not properly conducted gives him power to withdraw the licence every year on objections being lodged to its renewal. This Act, which was very carefully framed, has worked exceedingly well, and it may be confidently stated that it has solved a problem which is apparently still causing great difficulties in England. Working men's clubs are placed on the same footing as middle-class clubs. If they are conducted properly and in good faith, and not mainly for the supply of exciseable liquor, they have equal privileges. If after a full judicial inquiry they do not answer the above description, they are swept out of existence.

Incidentally, the mode in which the powers of the Sheriff have hitherto been exercised shows the advantage of having a judicial tribunal as the licensing authority. As an instance of how the provisions of this Act are administered, I noticed that an ex-Service men's club was de-licensed by the Sheriff in Lanarkshire the other day because it was proved that 96 per cent. of its turnover consisted of sales of alcoholic beverages. The provisions of the Scottish Act might well serve as a model for similar legislation in England. A club which is mainly used for the sale of drink is a worse evil than a bad public house, because it is not subject to the same restrictions and control.

Such, in bare outline, is the constructive policy we propose. It affords the only prospect of gradual and progressive amelioration of existing conditions in the present state of public opinion. In course of time I believe it would entirely solve the temperance problem. It is an instalment of reform which would satisfy the majority of the Scottish people, and on which all political parties could unite without any sacrifice of principle.

The Bo'sun

By Arthur Mason

Author of "Wide Seas and Many Lands"

The Pride of Antrim, a four-masted, full-rigged ship, lay at the dock in Buenos Aires with lines singled up ready for towing her out through the muddy waters of the River Plate to sea.

The sailmaker sat on the fore-hatch waxing a needle of twine, for use on some canvas that lay in uncut folds on the deck beside him. A chunky pig, with stubby legs, walked up to him and smelled of his dungarees.

"Get out of here," he said, unsympathetically, "ye don't seem to know your place aboard a ship."

The pig grunted, as if he knew that Sails was no judge of a hog, then turned out widely for the sailmaker's orange cat, and went trotting across to Tim the Bo'sun, who was at that moment engaged in watching to see that the fenders didn't bunt a dent into the deck as the sailors pulled them over the side.

"Tooley," said Tim, kindly, to the pig, "yez should kape out of sight whin a ship is lavin' port. Nivertheless, I'll be givin' yez a little scratch, for it's that ye'll be wantin'."

Tooley looked Tim gratefully in the eye, and bent his back and wrinkled his skin to the friendly touch, then grunted once or twice and shuffled off. Tim looked after him thoughtfully. Tooley was his pig—centre of his sole life-romance. He had been but a shote when Tim the Bo'sun had sailed away from his sweetheart on *The Pride of Antrim*, and a gift from her.

"There," said Lizzie Moran, as she gave the clean little animal into Tim's arms; "shure he's fresh and new, and you're to kape him so. It'll dishtract ye from the timptations of furrin parts. Whereiver ye go, o'er the seas you may sail in, guard him, don't neglect him for anny fancy calico, and whin ye come back, if he comes wid ye—why, we'll see."

That was the nearest that Lizzie Moran had ever come, in the long years, to answering a certain question, and Tim's heart leaped within him, and the arms trembled around the pig. Tooley became the serious business of his life, and the necessary secrecy of it made it all the more a matter for thinking and scheming. The crew had to be deceived, for one thing, and the captain, for another.

"What's got into the bo'sun this voyage," said the mate, as he and the captain watched the crew go down the gangway in their polished shoes; "he doesn't go ashore anywhere."

"He hasn't asked for a shilling since the ship has been in port, and I wish they were all like him," answered the master.

"It seems a bit strange," pursued the mate, smiling, "to see Tim in port without a black eye or a cut lip."

"Men, like worlds, change with time," remarked the captain, as he went below.

It was not time that was changing Tim, except as its passage brought him nearer to that unspoken promise of Lizzie Moran. It was the thought of leaving Tooley, even for an hour, to the dangers of solitude, or the mercy of strangers. Better the jibes of the crew for a reformed man, and their mock-pity for an invalid!

Port days were over now, and as he watched the heavy spar fenders coming in he was glad that there was one danger less for the pig. All depended upon the captain, and as Tim stretched to his brawny height, his apprehensive eye rested upon the master as he stood at the break of the poop.

Thick-chested was the captain, and short, with a head too large for the size of him, and a brow bare, and bald, and sloped. What hair he had showed a withering grey, and the bleached lashes of his faded eyes had either blown away or been worn off with storm-blinking. Occult powers, it was said, were responsible for the spider's web of lines that zigzagged the broad surface of his face.

Certainly it was odd that at this very moment the master should have seen fit to step down on to the main deck and walk up to the sailmaker, as he sat on the fore-hatch.

"Sailmaker," said he, "when you are making that

awning for the pig, take the fullness out of the top of it on account of the water. Sew it kind of umbrella-like, you understand?"

"Of course I do," sniffed the sailmaker, aggressively, "you want a sort of mast coat seam."

"Yes, that's it; we are going to kill the pig on the passage home. I don't want him sun-blistered in the Tropics."

"The howly saints give me fair weather in this bad time," said Tim, solemnly, to himself. Outwardly: "Git along wit you to your pen," as he chased the lingering pig forward.

The sailmaker looked after the retreating Tooley.

"He'll be a tasty bit," said he, his puckered lips showing how near he was to a smile.

"Where do you want it, sir?" shouted the mate, as a large empty hogshead came rolling from the wharf on to the deck.

"Lash it to the fife rail," answered the captain; "we shan't need it for awhile yet."

The sailmaker, who was about to cut his canvas to the measured size of the pig-awning, looked up appreciatively. "That'll do nicely to scald him in," he said, and went on with his work.

"Th' shcab!" muttered Tim the Bo'sun. "It's his auld yellow cat I'll be takin' some of these nights for a bit of a schwim alongside!"

While the tugboat backed to take hold of the ship his thoughts were far away. Out of the noise and chatter of a busy dock-front he thought he could hear Lizzie's voice: "Bring home the pig!"

Was it worth the price? The everlasting forswearing of dance-hall sirens, the lonely nights on deck in port, just out of reach of the pale ale's cool trickle. Then the vision of Lizzie Moran rose right before his eyes; shure, he could almost touch her golden hair, and see her white teeth shine from between her parted red lips, as she went swaying about her work in the little house, and tending the ducks on the tidy bit of land that was hers to hold forever. Off yonder in the pasture were little pigs like Tooley, and perhaps, some day there would be following her—no, no—his jaws snapped—the pig must be saved. So that Lizzie would believe—so that she would know.

He rolled up his sleeves, and opened the neck of his blue flannel shirt, as if he dared crew and captain to come on. The beautiful dancing girls *au naturel*, done by some East Indian artist in red and blue ink on his arms, did not diminish his warlike appearance, nor did the large heart tattooed on his breast with a sword run through it, behind which, ever sacred, lurked his love.

"Cast off your lines!" roared the pilot. The bo'sun stretched his long legs and ran lightly to see that the job was done, and *The Pride of Antrim* moved away from the dock, and out to ocean breezes.

"It's a strange dream," said the captain, looking aloft at the bellied canvas.

"It's a shtrange dhream, you're right, sir," and Tim leaned over confidentially, his voice sinking to a whisper. "Shure the red wind shpared no wan. There they lay in heaps upon the deck, wit the red wind shweeping holes in her sails and dry-rotting her timbers before me very eyes. It seemed I was kind of floating-like, above the hull."

"Go on," said the captain, shuddering.

"Well, as I was going to say, sir, they was all as dead as door-nails. There was the min, sir, and the mates, and——"

"That'll do," interrupted the master, nervously. "What about the pig?"

"It's that as I were coming to," exclaimed the bo'sun, delightedly, "for that's the shtrangest part of all. There was the pig, as white and clean as iver you saw, walking about the deck as if nothing had happened."

The captain put his hand to his chin. "Umph!" he said, thoughtfully.

Tim's fine eyes glowed triumphantly. Many was the victory his free fist had won, but to accomplish by his wits what he dared not otherwise attempt was a cheerful thing indeed. He started to hum beneath his breath.

"Queer thing about the pig," said the captain, who loved to be consulted in such matters; "but it seems to me very plain what's meant by it. Take the whole thing through, and reason it out by opposites, which is the way things of this sort go, and you can see for yourself——"

"When are you going to kill the hog, sir?" asked the mate, coming up.

"Um—m," replied the master, "why, pretty soon now. Of course, if we did it now the meat would spoil."

"If he's salted well he'll keep," answered the mate; "a bit of fresh meat will pick us all up this kind of weather."

"Maybe you're right; but he won't last so very long with twenty-six men in the fo'c'sle."

"The hams," said the mate, speculatively, "we can pickle for our own use."

"Decidedly," and the master smacked his lips as though he had had a swallow of grog, "and his feet will go well with——" Again he broke off, for the pig had trotted up, and was rubbing himself against his leg.

"Get out of here," exclaimed the startled master; "you, you're getting to be nothing but a nuisance."

The pig backed away a little, and, sitting down dog-like, looked up at him.

"He has a strange way of looking at a man," said the captain. "Here, bo'sun, drive him forrard, drive him forrard!"

Crestfallen and sorrowful, Tim drove Tooley to his pen, then went blindly to the forecastle head, where alone he seemed safe from murderers, to think bitter thoughts, and to spit vengefully into the cloven waves.

Tim and Tim's Tooley and the rest of the ship's company had been at sea now a little more than three weeks. *The Pride of Antrim* was reaching away north of the Line. The weather was getting cooler, and the north-east trades stronger. The crew, not being much occupied otherwise, watched the pig take his morning walks about the decks with slavery greed.

"Pig's heart cold," said Skysail Pete, "with a bit o' mustard spread on it, is good enough for any man."

"Pig's head will beat it," asserted another; "but it's neither head nor heart we'll see. The Old Man'll hang on to everything that's good, and it'll be the fat belly us'll get, after our going without good victuals many a time, too, to fatten him up."

"It's my belief 'e's a ornament," said a third, "and that the Hold Man never does mean to turn 'im into pork. Us blokes 'as to scrub 'im, and bed 'im down, and give 'im 'is hexercises, and if a man says a word about 'im, why God blimey, the bo'sun gives 'im a slushin'-down job to do."

But the captain's resolution was forming in the age-old conquest of superstition by appetite, and there came a day when it was rumoured about the decks that there would be but one more sunset for the ship's pig.

Silent preparations started to spill the blood of the hog. Broken-nosed Pete was whittling on a spreader, pointing the ends of the three-foot stick that was to stretch Tooley's hind legs when he would be triced up in the rigging. The hogshead had been rolled from 'midships and lashed in a handy place to the galley. A collection of buckets and kettles were laid on the forehatch ready to be filled with water and carried to the galley stove.

The sailmaker took down the pig-awning, folding it carefully against another need, and, as he laid it away, remarked to his cat: "Well, well, ye're keeping close, are ye? And a-cryin' for pig-liver, I suppose. Well, waitin's gettin'." The mewing cat stuck her tail straight up in the air, and licked her whiskers, catwise.

The captain and the mate had no need for words. With them actions spoke volumes of their deadly intent. But the squeaking grindstone was not silent, nor the rasping butcher's knife that was being ground to a fine edge.

The bo'sun moved about, obedient to the roll of the ship, as one in a trance. His interest in *The Pride of Antrim* could be bought for a drink of rum, his interest in life for little more. Again and again he moistened his dry lips. He had no rum, and life was not worth the living.

To-morrow would surely come, and his pet would be gone, and a nice plump woman, and a little tidy farm. would be lost to him for ever. He would still be the tarry-handed bo'sun, whose lot to the end would be flapping sails, head winds, brackish water and cursing sailors. The years would pass and his tall frame would bend, grey would come into his thick black hair, and his step would slow down. Then there would come rheumatism to add its wrench to weariness, and the sea would seem cold, and the land cheerless, and the rum would cease to satisfy. Then would come insistently the thought of Lizzie, and the glory of her grey hair, and he would see the other men looking at photographs, and hear them speaking of little children——

"Never did have a bit of luck all my life," he said, aloud.

Tooley came hog-noising along the deck, and stopped for Tim to scratch him. As his black, naily fingers dug loose the scaly pig's skin, wandering tears came to the bo'sun's eyes. His calloused hand grated against his cheek as he swiped them away.

"Gowan wit you, now," he said to the pig, in a voice that sounded as if it were being squeezed, "gowan wit you, now." He pushed Tooley away from him as he might a child he was teasing.

He straightened up, looking about him desperately, groping for any thought that might lead to a plan to stave off this act of ruthlessness. The sound of steel on the grindstone found a nerve in his tooth. When had that happened before? A scene of his boyhood arose before him: of a green spot outside an open shed door, within which, hung up in the shed, were freshly killed pigs. Out in the sunlight one man turned the grindstone while another sharpened his knife. A woman came running, calling one of the men. A little boy stood by, wondering.

Gradually the light came back to Tim's eye. Slowly he hitched up his dungarees. "Shure," he whispered, "the mimory av it has been sint me shtraight from Hivin, and it's the saints thimselves that's to blame if me mimory shtrays about a little. I'll try it, annyway."

Without a moment's hesitation he walked forward, and played the last card of desperate inspiration.

"Grind it good and sharp," he said to the captain; "he have a tough hide."

The captain looked up, perhaps responsive to the pleasant aggressiveness, as man to man, of the bo'sun's remark. The mate went on turning the stone.

"Yes," said the captain, "it will take a keen blade to shave the bristles off him."

"That it will, sir, and it's too bad 'tis we haven't a cobbler here."

"Why a cobbler?" and the captain put the knife back to the revolving stone.

"Shure'n he could use thim for his waxed end twine, to point the hole his awl made."

The mate snickered, and a near smile lined the captain's face. The bo'sun, feeling sure now of the attention of his audience, burst out suddenly into a wild, hilarious laugh.

The knife, slipping from the captain's hand, fell and stuck upright in the deck, quivering. The mate stopped turning the stone. They stood looking with falling chins and loose mouths as the bo'sun continued to laugh peal after peal, almost hysterically.

"Heavens, man," said the captain, "what's come over you?"

"I was just thinking, sir," said Tim, wiping his eyes, and shaking all over.

"What struck you? What were you thinking?" demanded the master.

"What I was thinking, sir, was damned funny, but it had a sad ending."

"Well, give it to us!" said the mate, sharply.

"Shure, both of yez remimber it as well as I do."

They crowded close to him.

"It's nothing much to talk about," he went on, "but I was just thinkin' if the likes of it should happen."

"Come, come," said the captain, "this is no time to cut capers. What is it you are driving at?"

"The proof of me story," said the bo'sun, "is living to this day."

So infuriated had the captain become with the delay in the story that he jerked the knife out of the deck and said to the mate: "Turn."

"Ah, howld on—I'll be afther tellin' ye." Gloom grew in Tim's voice, and an air of mystery. "It's about the Cardiff butcher ye'll be hearin'. He killed a pig wan day, and mind ye, it wasn't a month after till a baby was born to his wife. God bliss me, if it didn't have the ears and nose of a pig on its little darlin' head. The counthry for miles around was full of the news av it, and the folk came be the hundhred to look at it."

The captain and the mate stared absent-mindedly at the bo'sun. Their minds, for the moment, were not on the sea. They were on their homes, and what they might expect to find there on their return. The captain's hand moved slowly to his inside duck-coat pocket, where a letter might have been. The mate fumbled with his hunting-case watch, looked at a picture, then clicked the case shut.

"Put away the grindstone, bo'sun," said the captain, nervously.

He beckoned the mate under the lee of the foresail; he wore a carved expression. The mate placed his ear as close to the captain's mouth as he dared, and the back-wash of broken foam, and the spent wind from the sails deadened the sound of their voices.

The sailmaker came along the deck with a fid in his hand and eyed them suspiciously. "Hum," he grunted, "it ain't for nothing they're mumbling there." When he came abreast of them he noticed the captain's eye glower hungrily at Tooley and Tooley's hams. "There's something up," he thought, as he crossed the deck and took a sniff of the windward wind. In a few minutes he heard the captain roar out from the break of the poop:

"Put your pig-killing gear away, men; there's bad weather ahead."

The spreaders that Skysail Pete was pointing dropped from his hand; oaths flew out of him like pheasants out of a tree. The watch on deck mingled with the watch below, and Tim's Tooley and the ship's captain were on every lip.

"He carn't come that over us," barked Pete, viciously, "and us stinting ourselves to fatten the hog."

"He's suffering more than any of you," spoke up the sailmaker; "there's something on his mind."

A month later, on a snug little farm overlooking the sea, two people sat on a green bench on the grass, under a green tree. One of them, the woman, was round, and golden-haired and smiling, good to look at in her stiffly starched pink gingham dress. The other, a man, still young and broad-backed, clad in the blue of shoregoing clothes, was holding her hand, and gazing at her as if he would never get tired. A fat pig was ploughing the soft sod with his nose, sometimes lifting his head to gaze, too.

"Tell me," said Lizzie, as she filled his pewter mug with ale, "how did you manage to get him home alive?"

He told her the story of the Cardiff butcher. She laughed, and her bosom rose and fell like the undertow on dock pilings.

"We'll sell our pigs alive," she whispered.

The Vigil

By Brian Hill

I've tidied up my little room,
And lit my lamp against the gloom,
And now I've but to sit and wait
Until he comes. He'll not be late
To-night, I know. . . . The passing feet
Go hurrying, loitering, down the street,
But I would recognise his tread
Even if I were lying dead
And buried and he chanced to pass
Beside my tombstone in the grass. . . .
My table shines like glass, the shelf
Is filled with willow-pattern delf
Smiling in blue and white array;
The Chinese jar he brought one day
As a surprise for me, he said,
I've filled with roses white and red:
Early to-day I hurried out,
Before the people were about,
To buy the best the flower-girl had.
They smell so sweet I would be glad
To buy them always, but they're dear
In London when the winter's here.
To-night the very clock seems slow;
Tick-tock! Tick-tock! The minutes go
Unwillingly as children pass
A sweet-shop, staring at the glass
With greedy eyes. . . . I'll turn my head,
And watch the fire's deep caves instead;
I will not look again until
It strikes the hour. . . . It's grown so still
I almost hear my heart's quick beat
Sound in its prison. . . . Down the street
A dog barks. . . . Just five minutes more
And I shall hear him at my door:

He will not tap nor linger there,
But come straight over to my chair,
And I'll pretend I did not hear
Him enter, and he will creep near
And kiss me suddenly—oh, sweet!
Time, speed my darling's hurrying feet
And bring him to me soon, so soon. . . .
How dark it is outside! The moon
Hangs like a little silver thread
Across night's curtain overhead;
In trembling lines the street lamps run
Like raindrops in the morning sun;
And, pools of gold dropped from the sky,
Across the road the puddles lie. . . .
The clock has struck! The hour grows late.
And in my silent room I wait:
He should be here! He should be here!
Yet must I sit alone, though fear
Dart through the meshes of my mind
And shake me like a raging wind.
Terror runs crying through my head—
How should I know if he were dead?
How should I know? I'd wait here still,
Watching the minutes crawl, until
The morning's ghostly figure crept
Into a room where no one slept,
Into a room where none dared stir
For fear Life should remember her. . . .
He does not come. . . . O clock, be still!
Speedy or slow you work your will. . . .
He does not come! He cannot care!
His eye has caught a face more fair,
Younger than mine. May turns to May,
And Age has swept his fingers grey
Lightly across my cheeks and brow. . . .
He has forgotten me! But how
May I forget if year on year
Shall see me sitting lonely here,
Dreaming an idle dream that's past?
. . . *Ah, God! His step—his step at last!*

Says Sergeant Murphy

By A. P. Garland

Minority Rule

"I've bad news for you, Heddle," said Sergeant Murphy, as he looked across the bar at the landlord.

"What's that?" asked Heddle.

"I've to tell you that you're in the uninviable position of Shakespeare's great Irish frind, Mr. O'Thello—your occupation's gone. In a little while from now you'll be carryin' a banner in a procission of demobilised publicans with the words, 'Curse Your Charity! We Want Work,' inscribed on it. There'll be advertisements in the paper that 'ud bring tears to the eyes of a wooden Highlander: 'Ex-publican, 54, seeks imployment. Thirty-wan years at the bar. Can polish glasses inside and out. Go anywhere.' To which the reply will be that you can go to hell and eat coke, for ye'll be a social Israelite, with ivery dacent man's hand agen you, not to speak of a foot or two. You belong to an abominable thraffic that's responsible for ivery disasther in the counthry from foot-and-mouth disease to the congestion of London thoroughfares."

"Go on," said Heddle. "What's the joke? I'll buy it."

"Joke is it? You'll soon find it's no joke. Wait till me frind, Ramsay MacDonald, starts rayforming you, and you'll soon be dispinsin' barley wather and the juice of the fragrant cocoa nib, or else you'll be on the dole."

"Why?" asked Heddle in alarm. "You don't mean to say that the Socialists are Pussyfoots?"

"Me dear Heddle, those chaps are the real Pussyfoots, not the footling Timperance, vote-catchin' Liberals. You remimber the mane, little side-step that the Radicals took towards Prohibition in the Gineral Election. Local Option was put on, not as a plank in the platform, but just as a sthrip of wood tacked on at the last moment to cover up a gap. In many cases it wasn't even mentioned be the Liberal candidate.

"But Ramsay and his privy council only laughed. They don't believe in making two bites at a cherry. And sure enough, as soon as Mr. Asquith and the Radical Press decided that the voice of the minority was the voice of God, it was passed around among the new rulers of the nation that the days of the liquor thraffic were numbered, and that Government conthrol would soon abolish the canker worm whose thrail is written large over the national revenue. But what made you think that the Socialists weren't Pussyfoots to a man? Why Socialism and Prohibition are syn—syn—— What's the word?"

"Sincere, do you mean?"

"Sincere? Of course they're sincere. A fanatic is always sincere; otherwise he wouldn't be a fanatic. But that's not the word I wanted. Annyhow, I mane that they're wan and the same thing. Prohibition is a sort of Socialism in its teens and just testin' its strength. Wanst you've asserted the right to conthrol a man's beverages, you're well on the way to conthrol his wages, his hours of labour, and his mathrimonial choice, and in the ind you'll be regulatin' the timperachure of his bath and his chice of blasphemies whin in anger.

"Remimbirin', too, that the Prohibitionists insist that the minority is to be boss, that the tail is to wag the dog, we see why Pussyfoot the First, King of the U.S.A., as far as the three-mile limit, and a bit over whin required, will prisint himself with an illuminated addhress the day the Socialists grasp the tiller of State in their unhorny hands."

"But here, Sarn't," interposed Heddle, "I don't see that. Lots of them Socialists like their little drop as well as the next. They're not going to leave themselves with nothing but ginger beer and swipes to drink."

"Maybe not," answered the Sergeant. "In that case you and your infamous thrade will have a lingerin' instead of a sudden death. But you'll go, sure as anything, if the Socialists stop. I read wanst of a King of France who raised hell among his subjects until his advisers warned him that a rivolootion was loomin' up in the distant future. He only laughed and said, 'Afther me the diluge.'

"So the convivial Socialist will remark gaily, 'Afther me the dhrought!'"

A Reply to "The Psychology of Emile Coué"*

By R. C. Waters

(Ex-Lecturer to the Nancy School of Applied Psychology)

A MAN may be a very distinguished authority in his own line and yet be unfitted to criticise the work and methods of another. Criticism is only valuable when based on a proper and complete investigation of the matter to be criticised; otherwise it will be merely that expression of individual opinion which characterises all armchair criticism.

It will be obvious to any student of the Coué method that Dr. Gibson has not visited Nancy or been privileged to study M. Coué at work on his own method, nor can he have had an opportunity to hear an authoritative lecture on the subject in the English language. He has had to content himself with a perusal of the pages of *Self Mastery*. He is not, therefore, a competent critic of the method.

This article displays a lamentable misunderstanding of the psychology at the foundation of the Coué method, and the misunderstanding starts with the first line. To say that there is no difference between the method of M. Coué and that of the old "Nancy School" of hypnotism is as ridiculous as to state that there is no difference between Stahl's phlogiston theory and the modern conception of combustion. The Bernheim School of Nancy was a purely hypnotic one which blanked out the conscious in order that the practitioner might have a free passage to the imagination of the subject. The Coué School trains the subject to use his own will to control his imagination. This alone does away with Dr. Gibson's assertion that M. Coué abases the human will. The contrary is, of course, the fact. What M. Coué does for humanity is to give it (by the intelligent use of will) a conscious control over the predominant factor auto-suggestion, which is a

* By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson.

manifestation of the unconscious portions of the mind of which one is the imagination. M. Coué has never stated that the will is useless or ineffective as a guiding force. He has stated very clearly in his lectures that the will is the highest development of mind, and is forcible and efficient as long as it works in unison with the imagination.

When the will is in *conflict* with the idea in the imagination then, and only then, does it become helpless as a guiding force.

The unit of energy at the back of any effort of the will is the idea in the imagination regarding that effort. George Washington's will to cross the Delaware was energised by the idea in his imagination that he would succeed in spite of the "stern uncertainty and possible death." Had the idea been that the adventure was an impossible one which he could not achieve no amount of willing would have induced him to cross.

Unfortunately for humanity in the civilised world, at least, this conflict between the will and the imagination is a very frequent state.

There exists no one who has a will so completely in conformity with the ideas generated in his imagination that he is on all points a strong-willed man. We will return to this point again, but in the meantime let us correct another fallacy in Dr. Gibson's article. He states that in the case of healing the mind is made to register a denial of the disease. A denial of disease when present is the last thing which M. Coué permits. Dr. Gibson must surely be confounding auto-suggestion with Christian science? M. Coué directs his patients to realise that they *are* ill and have something in need of correction, and then teaches them how to stimulate, through the imagination, their natural healing functions so that the body may come to a condition of healthy activity which will render the presence of disease or its continuance impossible. The state of mind of the person seeking a cure through auto-suggestion is, "I am ill now, but from to-day I change and become better and better." There is no registering of a denial there. Thus the diseased cell life is not forced back on its biological basis, but is corrected by reinforcing the natural healing processes of the body. It is exceedingly doubtful if such an extraordinary piece of psychological gymnastics as reverting

the levers of human physiology so as to "force the diseased cell life back upon its biological basis" could be carried out by even the most sustained course of hypnotism.

To go back now to the question of the Coué attitude towards the will. The term conscious auto-suggestion is defined as a conscious control of the unconscious manifestation called auto-suggestion which controls all bodily function. Any effort of the will if it has to become a form of action, mental, moral, or physical, must be referred back to the unconscious centres of the mind before it can generate action. The simplest voluntary movement of a limb is brought about by reflex actions from the consciousness down through the lower levels of the nervous system, in a manner so complicated that it has never been successfully tracked out to date. This effort of the will must have a clear passage through the imagination if it is to reach the lower levels where motor or sensory action can take place. That is to say, it must not come into conflict with a contrary idea predominating in the imagination. It is the predominant idea which will give rise to action, and in doing so will inhibit any other impulse of the same but contrary nature which is passing down.

One must therefore cause the conflicting idea in the imagination to cease its predominant tendency before the effort of the will can have effect. This auto-suggestion achieves by placing in the imagination the idea wished for, and then by a simple practice strengthening this new idea (while not conflicting with the old one) until it has reached a point where it is stronger and predominates over the old. The path is then clear and the will effective. The will has, in fact, been strengthened, not weakened. The law of the reversal of the effort of the will states that where the will is in conflict with the idea in the imagination the imagination predominates over the will, and, furthermore, if the conflict is continued to a logical conclusion you will arrive at the reversal of the effort of the will. The conflict tends steadily to increase the force of the idea. It is, therefore, plainly of no use to exert the will to change the idea in the imagination. By the Coué method one first decides, by the use of will and intelligence, what is the correct idea to replace the conflicting one and, having so decided, one chooses a time

when the conscious intelligence is normally exerting its minimum effort, and then, using the hearing as the instilling medium, one repeats the suggestion embodying the new idea in a mechanical and monotonous manner, so as not to arouse conscious effort or thought on the subject at this time.

Thus by repetition the new idea is entrained and strengthened until it predominates over the old. The will is the deciding and guiding factor in the practice, and is only discarded at the moment of actual suggestion. By the Coué method proper the will is never *thrown* out of gear, but practice is undertaken at the times when it is normally and naturally in abeyance for the purpose of resting the whole system. While realising that mental relaxation is essential to the practice of any form of suggestion, whether auto-suggestion or hypnotism, M. Coué discourages any form of artificial relaxation, and directs his patients to take advantage of those states of relaxation which are normal and healthy, and come about as a regular restorative function.

This practice disposes of the bogey of catalepsy raised by Dr. Gibson. It may be stated that it is many years since M. Coué has practised the tricks outlined in the commencement of *Self Mastery*. To-day he confines himself to the hand experiments, and in teaching them to patients eliminates all personal element possible by neither looking at the patient while he does them nor using a commanding voice. His voice, indeed, is pre-eminently gentle and encouraging. You make the suggestion to yourself from a wish to join in the game which he starts, rather than from any feeling of compulsion.

In conclusion, it is plain that the fundamental error in Dr. Gibson's article arises from his complete misunderstanding of the Coué attitude towards the human will; a misunderstanding which he shares with a numerous section of the world less distinguished than he, but which renders him *ipso facto* no more valuable as a critic of the method than they are.

A further article on this subject, entitled "Self Mastery by Conscious Auto-Suggestion," by Dr. Charles F. Harford, author of "Mind as a Force," will appear next month.

Lithuania

By Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., LL.D., M.P.

Not long ago Lithuania was little more than a name to me; now she has become a living, concrete reality. It has been my good fortune, with five other members of Parliament, to visit the country and to see things for myself. My friends and I have seen and now believe in Lithuania as a State which has fully vindicated its right to a place in the sun; in the Lithuanian people as a worthy unit in the family of nations; and in the possibility and desirability of a closer economic and personal understanding between the young Lithuanian Republic and Great Britain.

The war of 1914-18 was admittedly a calamity, the final effects of which no man can properly determine. Some may deplore an aftermath which has increased the number of smaller independent States, multiplied customs boundaries, complicated passport formalities, and revivified national tongues hitherto officially suppressed or discouraged. I should be the last to deny that there is something to be said for these sentiments. But there is another side to the argument, more particularly when we come to consider the re-birth of those so-called national minorities which, before the war, Russia had sought to merge in the chaotic mass of misgoverned Slavdom.

Under the pre-war Russia, the well-being and development of minority peoples such as Finns, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and Poles, to mention but a few, were never the sincere concern and responsibility of the central authority; on the contrary, they were almost invariably subordinated to pan-Slav ambitions. The policy of political and economic centralisation was even enforced at the expense of the borderland Russians themselves, as in the case of the Siberian Primorsk, where Vladivostok, in the supposed interests of the metropolitan industrialists, was not permitted to establish a free port, which a majority of the local inhabitants would undoubtedly have favoured.

And so with regard to the Baltic countries, local

economic and cultural interests, whenever and wherever these ran counter to pan-Slav political and strategical considerations, were ruthlessly sacrificed. We see a striking proof of this in Kaunas itself, the present capital of the Lithuanian Republic. Under the pre-war Russian *régime*, Kaunas (then Kovno) was merely a fortress town which was deliberately denied the progress and prosperity to which its great natural advantages entitle it. Stringent regulations limited the height, material, and position of all buildings, so that spontaneous growth became impossible. Thus the new Lithuanian Republic, in taking over this legacy, has been severely handicapped at the outset in its efforts to restore and improve economic and social conditions, quite irrespective of those special political problems which since the war have never ceased to occupy an undue share of Lithuanian statesmanship, to the detriment of the tasks of internal reconstruction.

Bad as the Russian pre-war administration was in its relation more especially to the æsthetic aspects of life in Lithuania, apologists for Russian policy may doubtless contend that it was inevitable. On the other hand, no one could, I think, seriously defend a Russian *régime* which consistently pursued the end of crushing out every vestige of Lithuanian nationality and imposing in its stead a system of intensive Russification. Perhaps the hardest blow to Lithuanian intellectual life was dealt by the Manifesto of 1863, which forbade the teaching and printing of the native tongue—a prohibition which lasted for forty years, having been repealed only as recently as 1905, when the menace of revolution at home, coupled with the outbreak of war in the Far East against Japan, induced a more conciliatory mood in the central Government. It surely speaks eloquently for the innate vitality and force of Lithuanian nationalism that more than a century of Russian oppression could not extinguish the racial consciousness of the people as an ethnic unit distinct from the Slav, or destroy the Lithuanian language as the current popular speech which to-day is used by upwards of three million souls.

But the most effective condemnation of these particularly obnoxious methods of Russian Imperialism is their hopeless failure when the hour arrived to test them. They

were then weighed in the balance and found wanting. The loudly vaunted policy of Russification showed itself devoid of all real force, and the moment a convenient opportunity arose these unwilling victims of an alien bureaucracy broke away and established, or re-established, independent States with, in every case, a republican form of government. Lithuania, the so-called North-Western Province of Great Russia, otherwise known as "Litva" (in Lithuanian "Lietuva"), declared her independence at Vilna on February 16th, 1918, and has since been accorded *de jure* recognition by all the principal foreign Governments, including those of the Entente, on December 20th, 1922.

The country's record of progress in repairing the ravages of the war clearly proves that the Baltic non-Slavonic peoples formerly under Russian rule are infinitely better qualified to proceed along rational and remunerative lines than their late Slavonic taskmasters ever showed themselves to be. What is more, personal investigation on the spot has convinced me that this universal resolve to preserve and defend their hard-gained freedom goes hand in hand with an intense desire to cement closer economic, cultural, and political ties with Great Britain. Everywhere I found this to be the invariable text of both official and private conversations.

The moment is a good one for the realisation of these aims. The collapse of the German mark, on the one hand, which largely rules Germany out, for the time being, as an expanding market for the produce of the Baltic States, and a natural reluctance, on the other, to cultivate relations with her Slavonic neighbour beyond a certain point of intimacy, are clearly favourable to the promotion of direct trade between Great Britain and these newly created States. With reference more particularly to Lithuania, her possession of the new Litas currency, amply backed by gold, in lieu of the Ost marks previously in circulation, should hereafter enable her to become an increasing purchaser of British manufactured goods and a seller of her own agricultural and dairy products, flax and timber upon the British market. I have certainly seen enough of the country to satisfy myself of its great natural resources, both actual and potential. The post-war recovery of the live-

stock inventory and cereal crops has enabled Lithuania not only to feed her own people but to act as a granary for neighbouring regions. At the present moment, I am assured, there is a considerable surplus of agricultural staples of which the peasantry cannot dispose abroad owing to insufficient transport. Given a constructive and liberal conduct of the country's home and foreign policy, there can be no reason why British capital should not be enlisted in schemes of internal development, notably railways, electric power stations, grain elevators, refrigerators, waterworks and tramways, giving certain promise of a profitable return on the investment.

One very reassuring aspect of the situation in all three Baltic States, upon which I should like to lay some stress, is their attitude to Bolshevism. While it is necessarily the policy of these States to maintain friendly relations with Russia, the *temperament*, even more than the mental calibre of the people, is such that it instinctively rejects Communism as a principle of practical government. The Russian Soviet in 1919 made repeated efforts to subdue the new Baltic Republics and to compel them to enter the Bolshevik Federation, but in vain. After a very short-lived effort, the Red Commissars were obliged to beat a retreat, and in due course Moscow saw the advisability of concluding peace with its neighbours on the Baltic border.

In these three young Republics, to which perhaps Finland may be added, resolutely opposed to Communistic theories as a basis of government, Europe at a critical phase of affairs found a natural barrier to the further spread westward of the Bolshevik tide. To-day, with the inevitable modification of Bolshevik practice which has supervened in deference to the facts of life, the menace is far less acute, but, all the same, considerations alike of self-interest and general peace should counsel a policy calculated to strengthen these Border States both economically and politically, since in this way we may very well be guarding an important flank of our external influence against the possibility of future unpleasant surprises.

Personally, while fully alive to the value and importance of the new Lithuania as a political factor, offering,

as she does, a splendid *point d'appui* for any advance upon the Russian market, I am no less interested in some other phases of Lithuanian life and character.

I should like, for instance, to remind those who may venture to disparage Lithuania's title to an independent national existence, that in the Middle Ages she was one of the most powerful States in Europe, with territories spreading from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and that the Grand Duke Vytautas the Great, who governed the country at the end of the 14th and the beginning of the 15th century, was a ruler widely known and respected for both his military prowess and administrative gifts. One of his most notable achievements was the crushing defeat he inflicted upon the Teutonic Order at Grunewald in 1410, and his well-trained levies opposed an iron wall to the disastrous encroachments of the Tartar Golden Horde.

It is of interest to note that as far back as the 14th century Lithuanian policy strove against the spread of Germanic influence and that with this object in view Keistutis in 1342 concluded a commercial treaty with England, while Vytautas himself, wishing to open "a window into Europe" which should not be dependent upon Germany, restored the Baltic ports of Palanga and Sventoji.

The Lithuanian language proves the non-Slavonic origin of the Lithuanian people as a whole. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, language extant in Europe, closely related to Sanscrit, with a vocabulary of nearly a hundred thousand words, which is rapidly increasing to meet modern requirements. In his excellent book on Lithuania Mr. Harrison mentions that, in the opinion of expert investigators, the Lithuanian language affords proof of a primitive connection between the Lithuanians and the Greeks. The cradle of Indo-European races is generally located on the shores of the Caspian Sea; it is therefore not impossible that, after the dispersion of the ancient Aryan family, these two peoples for some time pursued a common route towards the west. Subsequently, their paths diverged; the Eolians, Dorians, Ionians, and Thracians, tribes of pure Hellenic race, drifted towards the south, whereas the Aestians or Balts travelled north and established themselves on the shores of the Baltic.

To-day the ancient Balts are represented only by the Lithuanians and the Letts, or Latvians. These two peoples, however, have developed along different lines. The Letts passed under the dominion of the Teutonic Order and became Protestants, whereas the Lithuanians formed an independent State and are Roman Catholics. Their languages also have drifted farther and farther apart, and to-day are two distinct idioms which, nevertheless, reveal a common origin.

The earliest known reference to the Lithuanians occurs in Tacitus, who speaks about the inhabitants of "the land of amber," for which even at that distant period their land was famous, merchants from distant Rome journeying thither in quest of it. These facts dispose of the fallacy that the Lithuanians are an upstart people with no real title to an independent national existence. Their loss of independence came about in the wake of their ill-starred union with Poland, first in the 14th century, and finally in the 16th century, the so-called Lublin Union, which involved Lithuania in the Polish Partitions of the 18th century among Russia, Austria and Germany.

During the course of our visit, which we emphasised on more than one occasion was an entirely unofficial one, we naturally heard a good deal about the burning question of Vilna and other territory, which is held to-day by a neighbouring State; and one could not help realising with what sincerity and depth of feeling the statements were voiced. Questions of this kind are always intensely difficult and naturally demand a thorough knowledge; whatever my sentiments may be in this direction my stay in the country was, alas, so short that any attempt at a considered judgment would be pure presumption.

It is impossible to speak too warmly of the arrangements made for our comfort and entertainment during our stay in Lithuania. A remarkably varied programme had been prepared, the fulfilment of which, while it certainly imposed a considerable tax upon our physical and mental powers of endurance, never allowed our interest to flag. The visit concluded with a wolf and wild boar hunt in the forest of Kolesniki, with the Commander-in-Chief as our host; a most thrilling day's sport in perfect weather and under the happiest conditions, while the distance from

Kovno gave us an additional opportunity of seeing many a kilometre of Lithuania's fair, rolling country.

At the various public functions and official receptions which we attended, we realised that the country is being served by able and dignified representatives. The fact that both the President of the Republic (Mr. A. Stulginskis) and the Prime Minister (Mr. Ernest Galvanauskas) are now enjoying their third term of office points to a gratifying measure of continuity and stability in State affairs. Mr. T. Narusevicius, the late Lithuanian Minister in London, was mainly responsible for the idea of inviting a British Parliamentary Delegation to visit the Baltic Republics, accompanied us throughout the tour of his country, and was the most charming and untiring of cicerones. Mr. Narusevicius has recently returned to his native land for the purpose of taking up the important work of Minister of Communications, and in his stead a very able successor in the person of Mr. Carneckis has been appointed.

In a purely cultural sense the music which we heard and the samples of art and craftsmanship which we saw during our stay in Lithuania proved that the country and people are capable of contributing a really valuable and lasting quota to the capital stock of Western civilisation. In art the West should learn more about the creations of Mykolas Ciurlionis, Petras Rimsa, Kalpokas, and others; and in music of Mikas Petrauskas, whose younger brother, Kipras, is one of the world's greatest tenors. The Lithuanian folk-songs, called *dainos*, as we heard them sung on several occasions, are delightful, and when more widely known should achieve quite a vogue.

I can only say in conclusion that we left Lithuania with regret, but with the hope that our visit may prove the forerunner of many another to be made by our fellow-countrymen who are interested in witnessing the development of a splendid virile race, in good sport, great natural beauty, and national good will. *Valio Lietuva!*

The Feminine Franchise

By Isobel M. Shaw

UNLESS the problem of woman's place in the community be frankly faced in its relation to man's problems, the laws which have been passed supposedly in woman's favour will constitute one of the gravest menaces that our tortured and wearied civilisation has had to bear.

It is useless to shirk the facts by talk of rights or equality; woman to-day in civilised countries is man's greatest curse. The Curé who divided women into three classes—*Les mères, les réligieuses, et les pauvres madeleines*—is very much out of date; the three classes to-day are the wives and mothers, the parasites, and the workers.

I leave the wives and mothers respectfully alone.

The parasites are, I fancy, not so grave a social menace as they are supposed to be.

Women workers, as at present organised, are a most serious danger to man, and consequently to civilisation.

Take one field—a most important one—the teaching profession. This offers perhaps the most alluring line for the narrow specialist, for, in spite of the push needed to gain a place in public life, woman is not adventurous, and will welcome the safe billet with a pension at the end.

Training colleges for women teachers are staffed almost exclusively by women. The students during a period professedly given to forming their minds come under the influence of their own sex only. This limitation of their opportunities, at a time when it is claimed that they are being fitted to do public work "in all points like a man," is very serious. It may be urged that men's training colleges are exclusively staffed by men. This is to lose sight of the real point, which is that men, by nature and tradition, by physique and by inheritance, are fitted for

public life; women are experimenting only, and as experimenters they are filling the niches guaranteed by public funds.

Experiments on a large scale are costly and dangerous; they are like revolutions, and bring many things in their train unsuspected by those who have not developed the power of foreseeing consequences; we cannot behave like children who metamorphose their belongings for an hour or two, returning them to their original state after; our experiments are not carried on with waxwork figures, they are carried out in ourselves, our civilisation; they affect us all.

Feminists of both sexes can only recognise two possibilities for woman—to be man's equal or his slave. (I forgot, there are some who would see in every woman something indescribably angelic and superior to man, but these people need not be taken seriously.) It is claimed that woman's right to equality has been worked out, and that time only is needed fully to establish it.

It is manifest, if such a policy be pursued, that civilisation will become as lifeless as a Sunday-school; it will give up war because it will be incapable of waging it. Equality of the sexes and democracy must go hand in hand. The only hope of the world will then lie in the backward races.

Many of our mistakes in the past have been due to the idea that life is, or should be, progress; that somewhere there is a goal, and that if we keep on moving, even if we run so fast that we stand still, we shall arrive. Perhaps that view may have been needed in order to develop mankind, but now, when all the cards are on the table, when mystery has vanished, when the old beliefs, founded on fear, are decaying, it is surely time for man to play his game with art and skill.

The problem of woman must be settled by men; for the last nine years they have had to shelve it owing to war and consequent exhaustion. It is time for men to give up convalescence and set their house in order; to save us from old women of both sexes, to give an exhibition of strength, not what the feeble-minded misunderstand as love.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence is one of those who understand

that slavery is not the alternative of equality. In *Aaron's Rod* he writes :—

> The woman must now submit—but deeply, deeply and richly! No subservience. None of that. No slavery. A deep unfathomable free submission. . . . Whatever else happens, somewhere, sometime, the deep power-urge in man will have to issue forth again, and woman will submit, livingly, not subjectedly. . . . Once man disengages himself from the love-mode, and stands clear. Once he stands clear, and the other great urge begins to flow in him, then the woman won't be able to resist. Her own soul will wish to yield itself.

That is not slavery; it is as necessary as shape and space in a pattern, as concave to convex. Men must arise who will demand this new order, women will arise who will respond. Thus only can a real aristocracy be established, and from it will come the leaders for whom men crave.

Trade Unions and Profit-sharing

By Conway A. Ross

I HAVE read a good deal lately in the public Press on the advantages of profit-sharing in industry. Profit-sharing sounds so simple on paper, but in actual practice, as a rule, proves to be a very complicated affair, if it does not break down altogether. Already we see the coal-miners expressing discontent with what seems to a layman a most sporting offer. I, personally, do not believe that profit-sharing is even an equitable system.

I have some seed potatoes ready to plant, and some ground to plant them in, and in April I bargain with the gardener to plant them at a penny a day, or a shilling an hour, as the case may be. He does his work well and his wages are paid. In July I find that the potatoes have been spoiled by the blight, or that owing to want of rain the crop has been bad, or that I have had a bumper crop; but, unfortunately, all my neighbours have also had bumper crops, and I can get little or nothing for my potatoes. Can I go to the gardener with a tale of woe and ask him to pay back part of his wages? I do not think so. In the first place, I may not be able to find him; if I find him he will say a bargain is a bargain, and even if he see and sympathise with my point of view he will say the money is spent. Next year I try my luck again, and I plant potatoes, bargaining with the gardener at a penny a day, and the luck being with me I have a splendid crop, or if I have a bad crop my neighbours have a worse one, and I get a good price for my potatoes, or, better still, during the winter I do a little advertising and find a market for myself that my neighbours knew not of. Is the gardener justified in coming to me and asking where he comes in? I do not think so. If having done better than I had hoped out of my planting I feel I would like to give him something for good luck, that is my affair and an act of grace or generosity on my part.

Of course, instead of paying my gardener a penny a day I might have offered him a share of the crop, but in 99 cases out of 100 he would say that he was not in a position to take the risk. Those few only who have put a little by can afford to take risks. The majority of us want security, and security has to be paid for by curtailment of liberty. On the other hand, if one wishes for liberty one has to forfeit a certain amount of security. One cannot have both—one must make one's choice.

As regards co-partnership—that is, the working man putting his savings in the business that employs him—this seems to me sheer folly. Like all similar schemes it is based on the assumption that business is consistently prosperous, whereas we have only to look in *Stubbs's Gazette* each week to see how many businesses fail. With co-partnership, if the business fail, the man loses his job and his savings as well.

The idea at the back of profit-sharing, co-partnership, and similar schemes, is to prevent as far as possible an unfriendly relationship between master and servant. The wages system is as old as history and will survive all attacks of the doctrinaires. The relationship between master and servant is also as old as history. It is a natural relationship, and unless interfered with by an outside third party is generally a very pleasant relationship. We become attached to our old servants and they become attached to us, and instead of our servants being discharged in their old age it is common knowledge that the longer they are with us the more they can bully us, and that we will go to any lengths rather than hurt their feelings. Unfortunately the trade unions have come in between master and servant and have brought not peace but a sword, and have built up a middle wall of partition between two friends that is making life hateful. The trade unions to-day are a moral cancer which turns friendship into hatred and is poisoning the nation. The argument that the working man cannot plead his own cause without the help of an outsider is nonsense. His very awkwardness, his honesty, and his personal appeal carry a weight which no subtle argument will possess. By collective bullying the trade unions bring about what looks like a rise in wages, but at the end of a very short time turns

out to be nothing of the sort. Apart from steadily ruining British trade and bringing us towards starvation, the trade unions, by substituting force for conscience, are steadily ruining our souls and will make the nation bankrupt morally as well as financially.

The undoubted improvement in the lot of the working man in the last half-century has come about, in my humble judgment, in spite of, not because of, trade unions. There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so, and times change and ideas change with them. A similar change for the better has taken place in the average office—shorter hours, better surroundings, longer holidays, more considerate treatment in every way, and there has been no help (or hindrance) from trade unions here. The relationship between parents and children has been almost revolutionised during the last three or four generations, and we have no trade union, trade board, or Whitley Council to thank for this. Our parents, if they referred to school days at all, spoke of them with something akin to horror. Our children show a keenness to get back to school that is almost a reflection on their homes, and if trade unions disappeared to-morrow the working man need no more fear a reversion to what is known as the bad old times than our children need fear a return to the stern relationship between parent and child of our grandfathers' day. Apart from any higher motive employers know that bad treatment of their men does not pay. Work is worth what it will fetch and no more, and I believe, had no trade unions existed in the last half-century, that the improvement in the working man's daily life would not only have come about to the extent already reached, but have even gone further. Unnecessary interference by an outside third party has produced friction and has rendered difficult those kindly human relations which are so necessary to concerted effort, and decent employers are discouraged. Could there be any regimental *esprit de corps* if walking delegates interfered between the officer and his men? Could there be any peace in the family if an outsider were constantly to be called in to settle every little dispute? And what is the average business but the larger family? All of us in business to-day, from the lowest rung of the ladder

upwards, must bear in mind that the conditions which obtain to-day would be utterly impossible if it were not for the good work done by our predecessors. They did the best they could in their day and generation, and we, standing as it were on their shoulders, must endeavour to do better; but advance must be gradual, and each new step must be made good before a further one is taken. Good-will and a sense of proportion must be shown all round, and this good-will, I maintain, is natural and human and will come about if not subjected to outside interference.

Now and again a prophet arises who sees a little farther ahead than the rest of us, and John Ruskin's *Unto this Last*, while one may not agree with it in every detail, pointed out a more excellent way. Had we in England worked out our own salvation in our own way instead of being led astray by that crazy creature, Karl Marx, England would probably have been a happier country to-day. Karl Marx preached rights and hatred, Ruskin preached love and duty. Hatred leads to war, and war leads to poverty. A strike is civil war, and this distracted country has been suffering from a form of civil war for many years now. Those who take the sword shall perish by the sword, and it is seldom that one wins a war. Too often the one we call the victor is the one that is slightly less dead than the so-called vanquished. The tendency of a strike is generally to put the worker in the gutter and his employer in the bankruptcy court.

The original idea at the back of the trade union movement may have been sound enough, but the tree must be judged by its fruit, and the fruit to-day is uncommonly bitter. We Britishers have never long put up with tyranny, and undoubtedly the tyrants of to-day are the trade unions. There was something noble in the original idea of a man's starving himself rather than accept what he believed to be unfair conditions, but the power of the trade unionist to-day lies in his threatening to starve others. The trade unions have grossly misused their power in recent years. Our Kings, the Church, the House of Lords, have had to submit to a curtailment of their power whenever the people considered, rightly or wrongly, that their power was too great. Trade unionism

will have to be fought, I do not say to a finish, but until it is deprived of its present power to hold up the country to ransom. No institution in England is ever entirely abolished, and not even the writer wishes to see an end of trade unionism; but just as we have circumscribed the office of the King and the House of Lords, and made the Army our servant and not our master, so trade unionism must be made to serve the common weal instead of being, as it is to-day, the common enemy.

When, as in the case of the recent London Dock strike, the men ignored the orders of their leaders to resume work, our newspapers came out with heavy leading articles deploring this want of obedience, as if we could go on sowing tares and then expect to reap wheat. Young officers who served through the War, who spent the time of training teaching their men obedience, duty, punctuality, and all that goes to make a good soldier, know that these men never failed them, that in the day of adversity they did not faint, and that their devotion to their officers was something marvellous. But when, on the other hand, we see Labour leaders teaching envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, and telling the men untruths which they themselves know to be untruths, then the men surpass their leaders in wickedness with the results which we see to-day. It may be that we employers are not worthy of the men who work for us, that the men deserve better leaders than we have proved to be, but I think some of them are beginning to see that in deserting us for the average trade union official they have gone farther and fared worse. The last few years have taught the employers something as well as the men, and it might be worth the men's while to return to the old method of direct dealing with their masters, for trade unions have brought not peace but a strife threatening to destroy the very industries by which their members exist.

Humane Slaughter of Animals

By Charles H. L. Emanuel,
Solicitor and Secretary of the Board of Deputies of British Jews

If an animal destined for slaughter were given the power of speech it would probably plead for a method of slaughter which (1) was certain in its action, and (2) produced immediate insensibility. Such a plea would surely be regarded as reasonable. The real question therefore is: Which of the methods which are advocated comply with these requirements?

The real issue is obscured, and feelings are embittered, by the illogical suggestion that there can only be *one* method which can pass the test, and that accordingly when such method is found it must be adopted universally. The suggestion is the more unreasonable in that already two successive weapons have been advocated by humanitarians as *the* humane weapon, and one has already been the cause of several serious accidents. Neither, if one believes the most recent reports, fulfils the requirement of "certainty."

This ill-conceived demand for uniformity has resulted in a long series of attacks on the oldest humane slaughtering method in the world—that of the Jews. That method consists of a single, swift cut made by a trained Jewish operator with a knife, sharper than a razor, and tested before each cut. It has never been known to fail, a second cut is never necessary, and it never "misses fire," "ricochets," or otherwise injures the operator. I will show later as to its humanity to the animal. I will not in this article lay any stress on the fact that it is the only method of killing which the Jewish religion permits for orthodox Jews. The method can stand on its own merits.

Major Paget writes on the subject of humane slaughtering in the November issue of this Review so obviously as an animal lover that one regrets that he has found it necessary to join in the attack on the Jewish method, and to base his attack on unreliable material.

He frankly admits that he is not an expert, and it is fair to come to the conclusion that he has never seen a killing by the Jewish method, for how otherwise could he state that it is an advantage of that method that a novice can cut the animal's throat as well as an expert can? Anyone who knows of the long training which the Jewish killer has to undergo before he is allowed to make his first cut on a live animal, and who knows the nature of the surgical knife used, would read the Major's assertion with amazement. Not only does the killer need training, but he has to be, and is, constantly supervised and re-examined as to his proficiency.

The next statement by Major Paget is far more serious and is absolutely incorrect. He declares that "it takes on an average *6 minutes* for the animal to lose consciousness when killed by the Jewish method." Fortunately, there is an abundance of undeniable evidence in print to correct this error. Professor Leonard Hill, F.R.S., watched the killing of 20 successive beasts by the Jewish method and tested the various phenomena of consciousness for the purpose of seeing whether the animal suffered pain. He reported that in no single case did consciousness continue for more than *three seconds*, and that in every case the pain, if any, was momentary. Mr. T. H. Openshaw, M.S., F.R.C.S., the well-known surgeon of the London Hospital, watched 12 killings, and in every case reported that the pain was either momentary or nil. The latest evidence (1923) is that of Prof. Sir Wm. Bayliss, F.R.S., who watched a number of killings by the Jewish method and reported that in every case the result of the cut was to produce *immediate* insensibility.

Major Paget then makes the assertion that "you will find no Christian butcher who is not against the Jewish method." Where Major Paget obtained such inaccurate information it is difficult to conjecture. The answer to it is contained in a report in the *Cattle Salesmen's Gazette* of the discussion following an important display of the various methods of killing (including the Jewish method) at Birmingham in November, 1923. Over 50 members of the trade were present. Many spoke. Not a single man had a word to say against the Jewish method, but one of them, a representative of the National Federation of Meat

Traders, definitely stated that "he was one of those who contended that the Jewish method was the best." I refrain from mentioning what the trade said as to the shortcomings of the so-called humane weapons intended to supplant the knife.

Some light is thrown on the presence of so many definite errors in a single page of the Major's article by an otherwise puzzling reference on the same page to the "puncturing of the heart or aorta" as being the actual cause of the animal's death. Such a puncturing never happens in the Jewish method, and a further reference to pigs, and to the hanging up of animals to bleed to death, suggests that the Major's informant has confused the Jewish method with the Christian method of killing pigs. Surely a strange confusion.

In conclusion, may I state that the Jews have no quarrel with any other method of slaughter? We regard some of them as uncertain, and when they are so, we, equally with other humanitarians, are liable to protest. We shall be glad when our neighbours use methods of their own which will stand tests for humanity as serious as those which the Jewish method has stood with success.

By Major J. B. Paget

In answer to Mr. Charles H. Emanuel, solicitor and secretary of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, I agree with him that if an animal destined for slaughter were given the power of speech it would most certainly plead for a method of slaughter which (1) was certain in its action and (2) produced immediate insensibility. And I further agree with him that it is essential, and not impossible, to find out which method complies with these requirements.

As regards the latest type of humane killer, no fatal accident has taken place except where it has been used as a means of suicide, which is a bull point for the humane killer.

Taking Mr. Emanuel as correct, I am evidently wrong when I state that a novice can cut an animal's throat as

well as an expert, as he says that the Jewish killer has to undergo long training before he can kill a live animal. I am wondering what he practises on—turnips, perhaps.

As regards his assertion that it does not take on the average six minutes for an animal to lose consciousness, I will quote only one concrete example.

At the recent test in Birmingham held by the advocates of the poleaxe and the knife, one of the bullocks slaughtered by the Jewish method took, by the stop-watch, seven minutes after its throat was cut before movement ceased. These movements were conscious and purposive; while in the case of animals stunned by any method before their throats are cut, the movements are quite different. They are unconscious and without purpose. The Jewish method was condemned in the report of the Committee appointed by the Admiralty to consider the humane slaughter of animals as involving unnecessary pain and frequently causing great and unduly prolonged suffering for the animal.

Many of my best friends are Jews—humane and kind-hearted people—but all to whom I have spoken are against the old-fashioned Jewish method of taking animal life. Sir Alfred Mond, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, stated "that if he had to kill an animal he would use the humane killer."

Mr. Emanuel then goes on to speak of "the puzzling reference on the same page to the 'puncturing of the heart or aorta' as being the actual cause of the animal's death. Such puncturing never happens in the Jewish method."

In my article of September I was quoting the words of Professor M. J. Rowlands, M.D., in which he says: "One hears a good deal to the effect that an animal does not feel pain when it has its throat cut, yet the real process of killing an animal does not consist in dividing its carotid arteries but in puncturing the heart or the aorta, and the animal suffers pain until it bleeds sufficiently to be unconscious." It is plain that the Professor did not mean that animals were killed by the Jewish method by puncturing the heart.

The further reference to pigs in my article, several paragraphs further on, naturally refers to the Christian method. He then states that the Jews have no quarrel

with any other method of slaughter, but he himself has previously said that "Gentiles are content to continue the ghastly cruelty of the poleaxe," and all Christians with any humane feeling will thoroughly agree with this last statement of his.

Referring again to the exhibition of slaughter by different means which lately took place at Birmingham, the second animal that was killed with the poleaxe, after being struck once on the forehead, remained standing. The instrument had to be wrenched out of the head and the animal struck again before it was brought down. I am therefore just as much against the poleaxe as I am against the knife; but, if we take London alone, the abolition of the Jewish method is the more pressing of the two, because over 75 per cent. of the cattle slaughtered at Islington public slaughterhouses under the direction of the Corporation of London are killed by the Jewish method.

I stated, and I affirm again, that you will find no Christian butcher who is not against the Jewish method, and, to prove it, anyone who may happen to read this article has only to ask his butcher, if he happens to be a Christian, or an Atheist, and he will a tale unfold.

Switzerland, a country second to none in scientific research, has absolutely forbidden the Jewish method. Let me quote again the last few lines of my article to which Mr. Emanuel is replying: "There are no more kind and humane people in the world than the English Jews; I would ask them to use their great influence, as well as all Christians who hate cruelty, to have humane slaughter made compulsory by Act of Parliament, and private slaughterhouses done away with.

"To all slaughterers let me commend the following lines cut out in the stonework of a German abattoir:—

THINE IS A TASK OF BLOOD,
DISCHARGE THAT TASK WITH MERCY;
LET THY VICTIM KNOW NO PAIN,
BUT LET THE SUDDEN BLOW
BRING DEATH—SUCH DEATH
AS THOU THYSELF WOULD ASK."

Extracts from a Report upon the Birmingham test referred to by Major Paget appear on Advertisement pages iv and v.

Pillory

Socialist Ravings

So long as the ravings of Socialist orators were confined for the most part to the street corner, educated people were wont to regard them with a sort of tolerant contempt. The usual comment was that the British working-man had far too much common sense to be carried away by such wild foolishness, and that therefore, if the Socialists liked to expend their breath in that fashion, no harm would ensue. So for forty or fifty years few efforts were made to counter the effects of a ceaseless tide of revolutionary denunciation of the very bases of civilised life and industrial prosperity.

The results of this *laissez faire* attitude are before us to-day. The British working-man, being human, has not been inaccessible to an unanswered propaganda which has been dinned into his ears from infancy to middle age. Thus it is that the tub-thumper has become the member of Parliament and that the demagogues whose folly used to make the sane and sober-minded smile are now to be entrusted with the affairs of England.

We take Mr. Tom Mann as the principal occupant of our Pillory this month, in connection with the following reported utterance of his at Cambridge: "We shall ultimately dislodge those who control industry and control it ourselves, to produce on a Communist basis. That will cure poverty. The time has arrived when a six hours' day should be made universal. That would meet the case better than any proposal that has been made. Eventually the hours of labour will not be more than something like four a day, and not more than four days a week, and not more than seven or eight months a year, with a full year's income, and not more than thirty years for a life's work. All those things will come when we can control our industrial destiny."

It seems to us that "the time has arrived"—as Mr. Mann says—when this sort of unspeakable nonsense should not be left without comment, but should be exposed to the public derision which it deserves. What then,

let us ask, would be the real effect of the institution of a six-hour day? Manifestly, further to raise prices by decreasing production. But the extra rise in prices is precisely the cause of the loss of our former markets and the shrivelling of our export trade. Hence comes the necessity imposed on so many English firms either to close their doors altogether, or to work short time, or to discharge large numbers of their hands. Hence, again, unemployment, with all the attendant miseries under which we groan to-day. Therefore we can see at once, so to speak, at the very first throw-off, that this precious receipt of Mr. Mann's is certain, were it adopted, to widen enormously the area of human misery and to extend incalculably the very evils which Socialism falsely pretends to be able to cure.

But our illuminating guide does not stop at a six hours' day. That measure of destruction does not content him. He goes on to inform us that four hours a day on four days a week, during two-thirds or less of a year, will be the gorgeous fruit of a Socialist system. What Mr. Mann does not tell us is how the people of this country are then to get the ten million pounds a week required to enable them to buy their food. They will have killed their export trade altogether by raising the price of their goods, owing to prodigious diminution of production, to a preposterous and impossible point. If our whole population is to live on such foodstuffs as we can raise in Great Britain, God help us indeed, for without miraculous interposition we should all starve.

If trifling considerations like these were to be put before our Mr. Mann's audiences they would probably, first, be very angry, and then say that under a Socialist system everything would be different, and that if there were any danger of starvation then there would be another revolution, and "the rich" would have to pay. The flaw in this argument is that there would then be no "rich," for they would all have been plundered already. When Communal property is substituted for private property, as the Socialists intend, no one will be left with any savings, and that which is non-existent cannot be stolen. Short of killing and eating each other, it is difficult to see what resource would be left to us all after Mr. Mann's limita-

tion of production to sixteen hours in a week had once been established. The worse than idiotic folly of his proposals is so plain that to dwell upon them and to refute them may seem almost absurd. Yet, in fact, there never was a task more necessary, for ideas such as his are the common stock-in-trade of the Socialist party, and are being preached assiduously day by day throughout England, Scotland and Wales.

Leaving Mr. Mann the proud title of champion of national starvation, let us take Mr. Harold Watkins, who, "in submitting the report of the Welsh University Labour Party on technical education, said he wished to see the time when there would be no need for any boy or girl to work for a living before the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, up to which age education should be continued."

One hesitates in this instance to decide whether Mr. Watkins is a humble follower of Mr. Mann's, not yet completely trained, or whether he should rather be held an opponent of that philosopher. Certainly his scheme, by proposing the withdrawal of a large portion of labour from production, looks at first as if it had the same object as the plan for working only sixteen hours a week; but, on the other hand, Mr. Watkins evidently wishes the youth of the country to be kept alive somehow until grown up, and this would be, of course, impossible if Mr. Mann's ideas were translated into fact. There is the second objection that—judging by tests of intelligence imposed during the war by the Government of the United States upon seventeen hundred thousand recruits—not more than about five per cent., at the outside, of the boys and girls in our schools have sufficient brain capacity to profit by higher education. That being so, not only would Mr. Watkins' suggestion, if adopted, involve a prodigious and breaking strain upon our exiguous national resources, but it would also imply something approaching to absolute waste in the case of some 95 per cent. of those on whose account it is made.

Alike in the instance of Mr. Mann and in that of Mr. Watkins we have good illustrations of the kind of wild-cat administration and legislation which we shall infallibly get whenever Socialism is solidly established in power.

Sidelights on British Opera

By Horace Shipp

When some devotees assure me, in that breathless way of theirs, that they *love* opera, I invariably discover that their passion is really for music, and may include a predilection for music of a dramatic type, and—it may be—with a narrative significance. Opera is, or at least should be, another matter. A form of theatre art, it should take cognisance of many factors besides the musical one, and even though the primary appeal may be to the ear there can be no great opera which neglects these other elements. Dramatic literature is there in the plot and words of the libretto, histrionics, stage production and decoration, costume, often dance; and although, in the form of theatre art which opera implies, the main burden of æsthetic expression may have to be borne by the music, it can only be sustained successfully if the other parts are perfectly considered. In the composite art of the theatre a neglected aspect will take its revenge by crying aloud to heaven, shrieking its inadequacy and worrying the senses. Or should. For our devotee, like Barrie's lady wearing her new alpaca, can neither see nor hear, and will be blind and deaf to everything but the music.

It may prove helpful, therefore, in the interests of balance, to have an examination of opera by a person whose ignorance of matters musical would drive him back upon the "know what I like" formula, if he did not regard the phrase and its users with the scorn of the philosophically minded. In that condition of innocence the opera will more naturally be regarded as a form of theatre work rather than as a variety of musical composition and interpretation which for some reason has strayed from its home in the concert hall.

The commencement of 1924 seemed an excellent time for such an experiment, for in London operas of varying degrees of grandeur were being played. Mr. Barry Jackson had established the Regent's Theatre at King's Cross as a London centre for music drama, and Rutland Boughton's *Bethlehem* interrupted *The Immortal Hour* there; at the

Everyman Theatre at Hampstead a charming light opera of the eighteenth century—Dr. Arne's *Love in a Village*—was being presented; *The Beggar's Opera* at Hammersmith had just ceased in the fullness of time; and the British National Opera Company had come to Covent Garden with a bold programme which included Rutland Boughton's *Alkestis*, Gustav Holst's *Savitri*, and works by Puccini and Debussy among its novelties, and the repetition, among other things, of Holst's *The Perfect Fool*. Opera in the London Theatre was having a chance, and a good proportion of it was English opera. My musical devotee will already be crying with horror that I should include in one paragraph the charming trickle of Arne's eighteenth-century melodies, produced at their fullest by three voices and four instruments, and the ambitious effort of Boughton with a full orchestra and chorus and the grandeur of a Greek theme. Yet, as I think back upon the two productions, I am reminded of Browning's comparison :—

> **That low man goes on adding one to one,**
> **His hundred's soon hit;**
> **This high man aiming at a million**
> **Misses an unit.**

Not that the *Alkestis* is a thing of nought, but that the one production aimed at, and by its conscious artistry achieved, an æsthetic impression, which the other, by a combination of over-emphasis and under-emphasis, missed.

To illustrate: Isaac Bickerstaffe's libretto for the one piece may be light, but it is neat and witty, and such as it was I heard it, so that my mind followed the story. The *Alkestis*, endowed with the sublimity of the Greek poet and the charm of Gilbert Murray's translation, was infinitely less effective because in the tenth row of the stalls I hardly heard a word. The management, evidently anticipating this, thoughtfully provided a synopsis on my programme, but as literature this lacked the true Euripidean quality, and I found myself throughout most of the piece straining my ears and my mind to invest with intelligent meaning the noises being made by the performers. The fact that Robert Parker as Herakles and Kathleen Davis (an inspired novice in opera singing used to the village hall in Glastonbury rather than to Covent Garden

Opera House) were perfectly audible, proved that the words of grand opera need not necessarily be reduced to abstract phonetics because the music happens to be good. So long as literature is part of a production it must be treated with dignity. The slightness of movement which is inherent in this static play should have been compensated for by the kaleidoscopic interest in poetry and music, and it could ill afford this loss of the literary qualities.

It was here and in the lighting that the production was most wanting. This last became invested with a curious business, which seemed to me to be utterly devoid of meaning, and any part of a work of art which has no meaning may be guaranteed to divert the attention from other parts which have. The metallic greens and irrelevant pinks must have had a curiously disturbing effect upon everybody in the house who was not wearing the æsthetic blinkers of musical appreciation. I could not but think of the candle footlights at the Everyman Theatre, and how charmingly they were made to minister to our enjoyment and the spirit of the piece.

Criticism implies appreciation, however, and much in the production of the *Alkestis* was of expressive beauty. The grouping and use of the chorus, the significantly designed costumes, and a setting which, if it lacked daring, was at least dignified and conscious. In the work of Mr. Bernard Oliver the British National Opera Company have stage settings worthy of the form of art which they have undertaken, and when I witnessed the performance of *The Perfect Fool* I felt how excellently this artist was serving them and releasing their work from the anachronisms of stage art which too often mark and mar opera. I hope they will allow him to shed the light of his intelligence upon the sacrosanctities of Wagnerian production.

I have to confess that, from a theatre point of view, *The Perfect Fool* pleased me more than the *Alkestis*. This may be tantamount to a confession that my mentality stops short of that mysterious point where grandeur in opera begins, but the story, full of light and colour and movement, and even of humour, has a grip which to my mind was lacking in the static Greek drama. As a theatre piece, that is, it was more successful, and its details were more happily dealt with. I am sure that the music gained

rather than lost from this adequacy of production, and that the mind, kept alert and undistracted, was better able to grasp the varied beauty and burlesque of Holst's work.

This is true, too, of the Regent Theatre productions. *The Immortal Hour* achieves much of its success because it has been conceived as a whole by the Birmingham Repertory Theatre people, whose long and varied training in staging plays stands them in excellent stead in this operatic venture. Fiona Macleod's lovely words are given their full value, the settings express the mood of the play and music as well as represent the necessary scenes, the acting is given adequate attention, and the lighting and costumes are alike beautiful. It may not be the greatest work, but it is good work so well done that the audience is held by a piece of art which does not fail in details.

The other music drama at the Regent which demands a word in this consideration is *Bethlehem*; and whilst one has a number of points of detail which worried (serried ranks of badly lighted angels in their picture frames, for example, and a design for Herod's palace with crimson drapery hanging in bits from the battlements and looking horribly like the royal washing) there was, again, a real pleasure in the synthesis achieved from the diverse elements which went to the making of the drama. The break in the wholeness of the piece came rather in the conception of the Herod scene, which, musically and histrionically, presented a Herod belonging rather to Scheherazade than to an English miracle play.

At least in these productions the music was in its place as one of the elements of opera, and not as the only element, and I venture to believe that opera will succeed better in this country when this proportional representation in theatre art is accepted.

That other problem of opera—its economics—demands another chapter, but it behoves those of the public who believe in the cultivation of the art to see that the British National Opera Company and Mr. Barry Jackson's venture at King's Cross do not lack their support. The work already done is an earnest of the possibilities of English music and operatic production, and if the British company is given a fair chance this year they may remove the reproach of our national neglect of this form of art.

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Books

ART.

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS. By LAURENCE BINYON and J. J. O'BRIEN SEXTON. Ernest Benn, Ltd. £4 14*s.* 6*d.*

THIS is a collector's volume. Beautifully produced and printed, illustrated by sixteen plates in colour and thirty in black and white, the volume makes its primary appeal as an art book holding within its covers exquisite reproductions of many of the treasures of Japanese colour printing, and dealing authoritatively with this form of art in its two hundred pages of letterpress. But its lasting value lies even more in the tables, etc., comprised in the fifty pages of introductory matter, for here will be found the *open sesame* to the subject—the code which will enable the enthusiast himself to identify and compare. Unfortunately there is no magic formula of two words, and with the best intention towards simplification the authors have conjured up out of their erudition a somewhat terrifying mass of information. To the connoisseur and the collector this will prove invaluable; but one is a little sorry for the lay person to whom these tables of censor seals and dates, of publishers'

trade marks and signs, and of actors' *mon* will be of doubtful assistance "to facilitate the reading of dated books and prints." It is not the authors' fault, however, for they have done their work thoroughly, assuming the concentration of their readers and a scholarly interest in Japanese prints, and even though one is inclined to quarrel with this assumption that we have learned their glossary by heart before reading the text, it is part of the price one pays for an erudite work.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By JOHN BUCHAN. Nelson. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"A MANUAL for the student, and a book which could be used with profit by the general reader." Thus the preface to this remarkably able *catalogue raisonné* of the main stream of English letters—the appendix gives the sources and tributaries in scholarly detail—from Chaucer and Wyclif to Hardy, Barrie, and Kipling. One cannot even pretend to deal critically with a work of this scope in a paragraph. Enough to say that Mr. Buchan's arrangement is no mere chronicle, but a philosophic grouping of schools and influences, with a general view of the intellectual, political, and social influences of each period by specialists, who waste no space upon fine writing, but get down to "lives," "views," and "characteristics," with sequent lists, illuminating passages, and, mostly, with good portraits—there are over 150 illustrations in all, and nearly 700 pages, and not a repellent touch of weary pedantry in this extraordinarily well-conceived and well-made book, concerning which the inclusion of "live lions" is the only debatable point. Sir Henry Newbolt writes an introduction. The book is handle-able, semi-limp, in clear type, and fully indexed.

EPISODES BEFORE THIRTY. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. Cassell. 15*s.* net.

MR. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD'S reminiscences, some of them of a rather appalling kind, given to us in this work, are another illustration of the number of different worlds this world contains. Well born, strictly educated, moderately provided with capital, Mr. Blackwood went to seek his fortune in Canada some thirty odd years ago. He promptly lost it. Our Canadian fellow-subjects, it may be hoped, have since abandoned the agreeable and easy practice of swindling young Englishmen, which at the period described by Mr. Blackwood was a national pastime. The frightful privations endured by the autobiographist, his devastating experiences as a newspaper reporter in New York, his account of his queer companions, together with his own private pursuit of a separate and a spiritual life, make one of the most extraordinary documents ever published. Mr. Blackwood's naïve candour disarms criticism. Nevertheless, the student of his memoirs cannot help wondering why this tall and sturdy lad, this disciple of Nature, did not go to work in the Canadian lumber-camps, or labour on a farm, or go fishing, or do anything but what he did. There really seems no particular reason why Mr. Blackwood should have been plunged into that cesspool of cosmopolitan iniquity, New York.

(Of course, as we all know, New York is quite different to-day.) But Mr. Blackwood said then, and perhaps says now, that he was expiating the sins of past lives. A strange business altogether, and a fascinating book.

L. COPE CORNFORD.

THE VEILED EMPRESS. By BENJAMIN A. MORTON. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *22s. 6d.* net.

MR. MORTON'S historical Arabian Night is not only capital reading, but a shrewdly persuasive case for a new factor in the Napoleonic legend. These word pictures and anecdotes are remarkably fascinating in themselves, whilst the clever colour studies of Mauritian types and places by Christina Morton greatly help the tropic spell. It is however, the story of Aimée Dubuc de Rivery to which the larger part of the book is devoted, who—captured at sea by Barbary corsairs, and sent as a gift to the Sultan at Constantinople—became the mother of Mahmoud the Great, the man whose implacable disdain of Napoleon after Joséphine's divorce was as remarkable as his previous friendship in spite of the Egyptian campaign. Why Turkey failed to grasp the magnificent opportunity of recovering from her ancient enemy, Russia, her former possessions and more, when Napoleon made it clear that it would be safe and easy to do so, has never been explained; so Mr. Morton's story of Aimée's influence upon her son's character and actions, by the light of her Creole traditions and convent education, seems to supply the tiny factor which overturned a meteoric career, and his documentation and research do much to support this theory. At the very least, an unexpectedly interesting new light upon the *épopée* is discreetly and with all modesty submitted in this most interesting book.

THE ENGLISH SECRET. By BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT. H. Milford. *10s. 6d.* net.

MORE armchairs creak with appreciation of well-made points, clearly lighted depths, and admirable turns of wideawakeness and scholarship on *The Times Literary Supplement* days than at most other times. The reticent anonymity of the front page theses of philosophic criticism adds a spice of authority, but cannot truly conceal the holder of a pen of such marked individuality as that of Mr. Basil de Sélincourt, who studies mankind for us and gives us the very stuff of edification delicately served. Here in this well-made volume, worthy the name of book, are fourteen of these reflections upon men and things, assembled because of their bearing upon the way that lies before us, as a people fulfilling a great destiny by the light of a great inheritance. *The English Secret*, the first paper, gives the clue of our particular racial quality with penetration; the rest follow in apparent disorder such themes as poetry, music, town housing, industry, democracy, and so forth; the reactions to years of the recent past by one who has the gift of grasp to hold times acted—the tangled present—and the ultimate pattern as well as the power of words to give the reason for the faith that is in him. These reprints will delight those who have met them in their newsprint newness in this more shapely and purposeful form—a book of serious worth.

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A GREEN OLD AGE. By PROFESSOR A. LACASSAGNE. John Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd. 15s. net.

IF he is still alive, the author of this work is now a man of eighty. He was seventy-seven when his book was first published, and he writes as an old man about old age. Every aspect of the question is dealt with, and, as Professor Lacassagne is a distinguished medical man, and is *au fait* with the latest discoveries of his own science, as also of those sciences most closely allied with it—such as psychology, chemistry, and bio-chemistry—it is little to say that he has produced an extremely interesting and exhaustive work on a subject the literature of which cannot be said to be over-plentiful. Not satisfied with giving us all that his experience and the science of the age have taught him about old age, its nature, and to some extent its cure, he has carefully collected all the views of the philosophers, ancient and modern, on this absorbing subject, and has even reminded us of those aspects of old age which lie preserved in the art galleries of the world. From the practical point of view, the most valuable chapters are undoubtedly those which deal with the health of the aged and with the hygiene of old men and women; and, since all of us must be on our way towards the state which Professor Lacassagne

has studied with particular care in this book, none can afford to scorn the many careful warnings to be found in its pages. As a guide, as a book of rules, for those who wish to reach a green old age, therefore, it is excellent; while to those who only wish to be entertained, we heartily commend it as a work full of the most diverting and most surprising information. It is a book for old and young alike, but there can be no doubt that to the former it will be by far the more thrilling reading.

FICTION.

THE TRAIL OF THE HAWK. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Jonathan Cape. 7*s.* 6*d.*

WITH *Main Street* in its 140th thousand, and *Babbitt* going strong, Mr. Sinclair Lewis is well before the public on both sides of the pond. *The Trail of the Hawk*, written before both these famous books, is of a quality in some ways superior to them. It is more intense in its manner, and its matter concerns youth and love and the beginnings of flying. "Hawk" Ericson becomes an early glider and aviator, so the story of this modern epic of the air lends its glamour. The way of an eagle in the air and the way of a man with a maid, and both done with actuality; the boy, a nice, wholesome boy, highly individualised, taking his own line in the adventurous American life, revolting from a set career after going through a minor college—pictured unsparingly in its illiberal and snobbish limitations—working on his own in a New York Bowery dive, and making good at last amongst his beloved machinery, achieving fame and money as an aviator, and all the while growing in mental stature to the measure of the modern girl and outgrowing the lady of his calf love A really live book. The chapter in which the exalted belle of his village, who has played with his boyish heart, surrenders too late would make the fortune of any book, but there are many other fine scenes, and the whole story is extraordinarily keen and vital.

FRENCH BEANS. By ANTHONY LUDOVICI. Hutchinson. 7*s.* 6*d.*

I QUITE enjoyed this novel, which touches on life in a way usually avoided by novelists, but it is propaganda—the case being the effeminisation of England. This is, of course, extremely droll. England is a male country, run for males and by males, and it was owing to this attitude and sex starvation that the women broke out and secured the vote. The hero is a Frenchman, who is a cross between Ethel Dell's "bad" men and the typical Parisian charmer, whose *leit motif* is *parfum enivré*. This hero is great fun. He is a sadist, and seizes his women's wrists and hurts them in sundry ways, thereby setting up love's tender appeal. Why a Frenchman, of all men? Has Mr. Ludovici never been to Paris? Does he not know that England is the classic home of wife-beaters? Is the whip all? Well, well! It was Nietzsche who wrote: "When you go among women, take a whip." The hero of Ohnet would not like to be called a Nietzsche-an. But why this type should be held up before us as model would be difficult to understand were it not that underneath the whip Mr. Ludovici is

thinking of the scorpion of Fascismo. He wants to put the clock back. He forgets that women wear wrist-watches to-day, wound up by Dr. Marie Stopes.

A POET'S YOUTH. By MARGARET L. WOODS. Chapman and Dodd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

A "ROMANCE" is perhaps the most satisfactory single word that will describe Mrs. Woods's latest book. It is not a novel in the ordinarily accepted sense, which implies the invention of characters and incidents. In *A Poet's Youth* all the more important characters and nearly all the minor personages are men and women who actually and historically lived in the early years of the French Revolution. Wordsworth, the poet whose youth is the subject of the book, is shown to us in glimpses at a school in Cumberland and at Cambridge, and in greater detail in France in 1790 and in 1792. The story is concerned mainly with Wordsworth's passion for Marie-Anne Vallon, whose existence, long forgotten or unguessed, has been lately rediscovered. Among other characters, drawn full length or sketched, are Michel Beaupuy of *The Prelude*, Jones of the third *Sonnet to Liberty*, Madame Roland, Marat, Godwin, and the poet Blake.

On the other hand the book cannot be called a biography or a history, although it partakes of the nature of both. Though actual people are the actors, though actual events are the staple of the story, over the whole is thrown a veil of imagination that transforms it into something quite other than a transcription of facts. It is less in what happened than in what may have happened that the writer is interested. Given the broken arcs, she is concerned with filling in what shall make of them a perfect round.

It will be seen, then, that Mrs. Woods has approximated rather to the method of Shakespeare and the dramatists in their historical plays than to that of the historical novel of Scott and his successors. Her achievement shows both the weakness and the strength of the mode that she has adopted. When a writer is bound by the tyranny of facts, prose seems to be unequal to the task of liberating the imagination, and it is for this reason, doubtless, that the historical novelists choose men and women of their own invention for their heroes and heroines. Yet Mrs. Woods has secured a positive gain to set against any loss that may be inherent in her method. The English, if suspicious of strangers, are proverbially hospitable to their friends, and, opening the book to find ourselves in William Wordsworth's company, we open our hearts at one and the same time.

PHILOSOPHY.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY SINCE 1800. A CRITICAL SURVEY. By ARTHUR KENYON ROGERS. London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Pp. xiv + 468. 16*s.* net.

A HISTORY of philosophy may be written from at least two standpoints—that of the historian and that of the philosophers themselves. Prof. Rogers's procedure is something of a compromise, retaining the merits of both methods with few of their defects In this well-printed

volume he presents us with a lucid and comprehensive survey of English and American thought during the past century and a quarter. Beginning with the Scottish Realists, he devotes successive chapters to the Utilitarians, to the Theologians of the Oxford and Liberal Movements, to Naturalism and Evolution, to the main Idealistic systems, and to the contemporary reactions of Pragmatism and Neo-Realism. Each period is provided with its appropriate historical background, and the biographical detail is both adequate and concise. Prof. Rogers's summaries of the various philosophical views are in the main excellent, for he combines a generous insight with a gift for potent and penetrative phrase. It is, I feel, with the thinkers of his own persuasion that he is least successful, and his treatment of Moore and Russell seems to suffer from undue compression. Again, to mention but one more point, it is a pity that Prof. Rogers has omitted men like Merz and Whitehead, who were hardly beyond the scope of his avowed plan. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is remarkably good; it is undoubtedly a first-rate contribution to the history of thought.

Let it not be supposed, however, that Prof. Rogers's book is in any sense a mere chronicle. The orientation of a definite critical standpoint gives it considerable unity throughout. Indeed, as the author himself confesses, his work is frankly propaganda. It is designed to recommend one particular attitude—to wit, that philosophies are to be tested by reference to the needs of living, and by their ability to justify and harmonise the fundamental beliefs implicated in our normal human interests. This humane outlook, enriched by wide sympathies and a keen yet kindly humour, fits the writer admirably for his task. There is no doubt where Prof. Rogers stands in that "clash of temperaments" on which his whole book is an illuminating commentary. If his appeal, like Reid's, is to the "candid and discerning Few," he is withal the advocate of a vigorous democratic common sense. His spirit is as realistic as it is critical.

W. H. O'N. M.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By **Wilfred Scawen Blunt.** Macmillan. *7s. 6d.*

Blunt lived to see Egypt unstayed and Southern Ireland well on the way to national ruin. Only yesterday it seems he was amongst his Arab horses down in Sussex, an aged, disillusioned warrior who, crudely to tabulate his last sonnet, had tried religion, love, and politics, and found them all hollow. This is in part the Byronic pose, the Victorian scorn—protective colouring—but it is strange how intimately he can reveal the secrets of his heart without surrendering this aloofness. Possibly the formal perfection of his versification, the Shakespearean sonnet—poured out to more than one dark lady—accounts for his pedestal. He is not wanting in wisdom, wit, or passion; he has surprising turns of each in his sustained elevation of idea, but the warmth, the magic, which turns fine verse into poetry, was not one of this strangely gifted figure's endowments. Lofty, brilliant, and subtle, he appeals to the head rather than the heart, and his passionate indignation, love, and scorn do not move us, whilst we wonder at his penetrating analytical logic and

COUÉ
A DEFENCE

In the February number of "The Beacon" Mr. C. HARRY BROOKS (Author of "The Practice of Auto-suggestion," etc.) replies to the criticisms made by Dr. A. E. GIBSON in the January number of "The English Review."

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Mr. Brooks writes on Psychology in every number of "The Beacon."

delight in his narrative sequence. This edition is done with unassuming perfection of taste, follows the text of the "poetical works," and was selected with the poet's own approval.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.

BY the publication of this edition Messrs. Heinemann have placed poetry lovers in their debt, for in this volume of 800 pages are gathered the contents of Mr. Masefield's fourteen books of poetry and poetic drama. So much for quantity. Of quality there is little to be said to ENGLISH REVIEW readers, since the publication of *The Everlasting Mercy* in its columns was a milestone in literary history, and was followed by that of the other long poems which have given Masefield his place as the first narrative poet of our day. Always a realist, dealing with life in its raw fact by sea and land, he has practised in our time Wordsworth's belief that poetry could be made from the common speech of the people (with discreet indiscretions in the matter of popular adjectives). But the value of his work lies not so much in his acceptance of realistic truth as in his quest for and recognition of the beauty which underlies it. Indeed, his preoccupation with beauty tends in the later poems to become abstract and philosophically

sentimental, but as an influence on the body of his realistic writing it spells salvation. Ugliness and drabness he has made a setting, a darkness surrounding this star of beauty. Lapses there are and dull passages, as there must be in so great a quantity of work, but this volume will silence doubt as to Masefield's technical ability and artistic purpose. If one may be allowed a typographical grumble it is against the vain repetition of the whole book title at the head of every page, when in the case of the long poems especially the poem title is little short of a necessity. Since the book is already climbing into editions perhaps this could be remedied in the next.

THE SHORTER POEMS OF THE 18TH CENTURY. An Anthology by IOLA A. WILLIAMS. Heinemann. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

ANTHOLOGIES too often bear to literature the relationship which the "Proms." bear to music—a dangerous facility of shallow acquaintance which encourages the vices of the dipper-in. Repetition makes the known too known, and popularity is purchased at the cost of superficiality, so that the serious student and genuine enthusiast turns away and approaches art without intermediaries. This anthology is an exception. Firstly, because Mr. Williams has explored a neglected region of English poetry, and, secondly, because he has brought to his task an exceptional scholarship and capacity for research.

Few of us have on our shelves the works of the many minor writers of the eighteenth century, some of whom wrote just a few pieces demanding immortality; Mr. Williams has searched their works and the various miscellanies of the day, and preserved for us many of these poems of lasting value. The volume enables us to appreciate the more fully the qualities which go to the making of Augustan poetry: "restraint, exact expression, thought rather than a fancy which had been merely fantastic, wit rather than mere high spirits," and "the appeal to the normal reasoning powers of man," as the foreword assures us. With Mr. Williams's selection in hand one realises how much these qualities mean in language and literature, and how excellent a corrective to the somewhat turbid writings of our own day is this poetry of perfected expression.

POEMS OF CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687). Edited by JOHN BERESFORD. R. Cobden Sanderson. 15*s*. net.

THE second part of *The Compleat Angler* has brought Charles Cotton, the friend, collaborator and imitator of Izaac Walton, an enduring place in literature. For this if for no other reasons his poetry is worth preserving—a good man to have on one's shelves. Mr. John Beresford could probably claim kin, one gathers from internal evidence, with this country magnate of the Restoration to whom Beresford Hall, on the crystal Dove, with its estates came through his mother, an eloping heiress of the Beresford line. At any rate, he has provided a good deal of interesting family history, showing, amongst other matters, that our Charles Cotton the younger inherited his literary friendships from his father, the elder Charles, and that the life of a country gentleman, after Oxford or Cambridge or both, enabled him

to cultivate the elegances in a variety of Restoration manners, suited to a variety of tastes. With the great and good Izaac he was mildly gay and sweetly philosophic, but at moments he could be very free and gallant and as coarse as his time. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb liked his poetry, and even likened him to Burns, but, with apologies to these great critics, this is to compare a versifier with a poet. Still, Charles Cotton is worth preserving, were it only for the light he gives upon life as it was lived in England when the other Charles II. was alive, when a set of verses was an acceptable compliment to any lady if you called her Chloris, Cælia, or Chloe, when epistles, epitaphs, and epigrams were passed from hand to hand, when wit and classical allusions were blended into the acceptable thing. Critics have quarrelled over Charles Cotton's morality, but they were all terrible fellows on paper, these periwigged amorists, and Lowell finds enough goodness in the more serious poems to discount the levity of his professions. On the other hand one has not to look far to find something of the quality for which we value our Mr. Pepys—enough falls from grace to make grace itself more graceful; a *bon-vivant* jollity, a love of friends, of drink (fishing was his music), and an itch to write—not for himself alone as did Samuel, but not for lasting fame either—he was not published until he was dead—a kind of expansiveness which ran to pen and ink in many fashions and measures, from the formal, which he did neatly, to the galloping doggerel of his epistles, which he did with jollity, a mingling of *Hudibras* and *Ingoldsby*.

> "Just the same sot I was e'er I remov'd;
> Nor by my travel, nor the Court improv'd;
> The same old-fashion'd Squire, no whit refin'd,
> And shall be wiser when the Devil's blind."

So. Mr. Beresford's complete edition, annotated, and indexed, with the unpublished poems added, and a reasoned arrangement of all, together with the admirable Lely portrait of Charles Cotton and Linnell's drawing of Beresford Hall, is a welcome addition to the bookman's library.

SONNETS AND VERSES. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Duckworth. 10*s*. net.

THIS collected edition of all the verse which Mr. Belloc deems worthy of preservation from among his writings constitutes itself a credo. He believes in God and the Roman Catholic Church, in Beer and the English people, in England, and, after England, France. He believes in that kind of democracy which stands for liberty, equality, and fraternity, and not in that modern variant which stands for the servile state, obedience, and government. And these passionate beliefs have made him at times both poet and satirist. Some of the poems, such as "The South Country," have long since taken their place in any anthologies; much of the rest of the work will be familiar only to Mr. Belloc's more devoted followers. He has a simplicity of expression which is the obvious outcome of his love of simple, strong things. It gives him felicity, and strength, rather than subtlety—qualities which stand him in excellent stead in the satirical verse and

the lyrics. The sonnets are less characteristic of Mr. Belloc, and are not so successful. He seems a little unsure of the form, and even becomes obscure; surprising faults in a writer of such clarity of thought and diction. But it will be a welcome volume to his many admirers.

THE YOUNGEST DRAMA. By ASHLEY DUKES. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 8*s.* 6*d.*

IN this book Mr. Ashley Dukes essays to survey the whole world's "youngest drama." The task was hardly to be accomplished in 190 pages, but Mr. Dukes has at least touched with insight upon some of the outstanding figures in such a way as to lead those more deeply interested to the dramatists themselves. The method which he has adopted is that of giving a rapid impression of one or two plays of each of the authors chosen for discussion—a method which is bound to fail in cases where the dramatist obstinately refuses to be classified. Classification is, indeed, not a strong point with Mr. Dukes. Why, for instance, should Ernst Toller—whose best play, *Masse Mensch*, is pure expressionism—be classed as an "historian," and Luigi Pirandello—whose *Six Characters in Search of an Author* has nothing in common with expressionism—as an "expressionist"? It is a little disconcerting to find a critic of Mr. Dukes's knowledge and discernment almost as vague as the general public on the subject of expressionism. Nevertheless, the book is well written and unusually interesting as far as it goes; and if we add that it does not go far enough, that in itself may be taken as a compliment and an encouragement to Mr. Dukes to go farther next time.

SOCIOLOGY.

WOMAN'S YEAR BOOK, 1923-24. Edited by G. E. GATES, M.A Women Publishers. 5*s.* net.

IF any doubt should linger to-day as to the efficiency of women this extremely competent production should set them at rest for ever. True that, coming fresh to the consideration of what is vital and useful, Miss Gates, the editor, Miss E. S. M. Scott, the chief compiler, and the advisory committee have had a free hand, as far, at least, as precedent is concerned, but it is one thing to pool intelligence and quite another to get into a pint pot the gallons of vital, interesting, and necessary things that concern woman's citizenship and life; facts which at one time or another they may urgently want to be sure of, and to get them presented tersely and authoritatively in the compass of a five-shilling book. This extremely able and inclusive volume is a mass of well-presented information covering everything, from woman's political and legal status the world over to food values, from the League of Nations to landscape painting. The list of contributors is terrible as an army with banners, or even with machine guns; certainly weapons of precision. Nothing but unlimited zeal and radiant intelligence could have produced such a masterpiece of accessible information. A model book of reference.

Correspondence

England and the Foundations of Political Zionism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Herbert Bentwich's article, "England and the Foundations of Political Zionism," contains some inexactitudes which I think require rectification.

1. The purpose of the expedition to the Sinai Peninsula was not, as stated, to prospect, but to examine and report on the possibility of Jewish settlements in that part of the Peninsula which lies within the Egyptian frontiers.

2. The expedition was under my leadership and consisted of specialists, Jewish and non-Jewish, qualified to examine the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the territory under consideration. Colonel Goldsmid acted as the secretary of the expedition.

3. The question of irrigation with water drawn from the Nile was considered only with regard to the Pelusian Plain, adjacent to and east of the Suez Canal. The region around El-Arish lies, of course, beyond the economic feasibility of irrigation with Nile water on account of distance and the physical features of that region.

Mr. Bentwich says that Herzl convinced the late Lord Rothschild of the need for the Jewish people to regain self-confidence, and of the necessity for a homeland in which to build up that confidence. This is represented as an achievement of greater worth than would have been the success of the El-Arish project. Those who have studied the question in all its aspects are not likely to agree with this view.

Yours faithfully, L. KESSLER.

The Failure of Democracy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I would supplement Mr. Hewitt's article in your December number. When the franchise was lowered Party managers saw that the surest way to power was in offering bribes and advantages, at other people's expense, to influential sections of the electorate.

In this action Parties competed with each other. Money had to be found to pay doles, education, and other amenities of democracy, so rates and taxes increased. The support of Trades Unions was obtained by the grant of powers which enabled these to force up wages and limit the work of their members, and at the same time stop that flow of free labour which, under natural laws, would have occurred into trades wherein pay was above the average.

As British labour costs went up, British exports went down, for other nations undersold us in neutral markets. Here we find the origin of our present wave of unemployment, which has been intensified by Government mistakes in handling labour during and after the war.

Our war Governments were unsatisfactory; they failed to make the most of our naval power, botched our land fighting, squandered our money, and sold us to America. Their successors sacrificed our interests at the Peace, unduly cut down our fighting forces, but insufficiently cut down our expenditure; they accepted silly mandates in Asia, and adopted a foreign policy of cringing to our enemies and quarrelling with our friends. Lastly, they inflicted on us a General Election, wherein we were offered three alternatives, of which two were undesirable, and one was ridiculous.

Such has been our experience of a short half-century of Democratic Government. Defects in the system are easily seen. Politicians consider the welfare of the Party too much, and of the nation too little. Ministers have too much to do. Parliamentary duties, public speaking, and nursing their constituencies have left them little time to examine public questions for themselves, so they resort to committees and experts for opinions. The growing power of permanent officials is noticeable: these are useful to the inexperienced politician, and keep him out of mistakes, but absorb real power and are apt at defending their departments from the axe.

It is obvious that the time and thought of Ministers should be less devoted to politics, and more to governing. They would therefore be best taken from an Upper House, a Chamber the membership of which should be for life. The existing House of Lords might do, if censored in the way the old Roman Senate used to be purified. It might be well also that hereditary titles should drop one rank at each succession.

The Commons should lose their power of originating legislation and expenditure. Let them control expenditure and borrowing as formerly, and let legislation be subject to their approval. Membership should become a duty, not a career.

Something in the nature of the Roman "Cursus Honoris" should be instituted, so that men could not reach power without having experience and a good record.

The suggestions made are somewhat reactionary, but will be safe if it is firmly kept in view that the first interest of the nation is that its people should be numerous, well fed, physically fit, and efficient. Thus alone will it be able to hold its own in the world struggle for existence.

Yours faithfully,

J. C. L. CAMPBELL.

Achalader.

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